

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 56.]

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[PRICE 5 CTS.]

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S NARRATIVE CONCLUDED.

MISS HALCOMBE had never left Blackwater Park!

When I heard those words, all my thoughts were startled back on the instant to my parting with Lady Glyde. I can hardly say I reproached myself—but, at that moment, I think I would have given many a year's hard savings to have known four hours earlier what I knew now.

Mrs. Rubelle waited, quietly arranging her nosegay, as if she expected me to say something.

I could say nothing. I thought of Lady Glyde's worn-out energies and weakly health; and I trembled for the time when the shock of the discovery that I had made would fall on her. For a minute, or more, my fears for the poor lady silenced me. At the end of that time, Mrs. Rubelle looked up sideways from her flowers, and said, "Here is Sir Percival, ma'am, returned from his ride."

I saw him as soon as she did. He came towards us, slashing viciously at the flowers with his riding-whip. When he was near enough to see my face, he stopped, struck at his boot with the whip, and burst out laughing, so harshly and so violently, that the birds flew away, startled, from the tree by which he stood.

"Well, Mrs. Michelson," he said; "you have found it out at last—have you?"

I made no reply. He turned to Mrs. Rubelle.

"When did you show yourself in the garden?"

"I showed myself about half an hour ago, sir. You said I might take my liberty again, as soon as Lady Glyde had gone away to London."

"Quite right. I don't blame you—I only asked the question." He waited a moment, and then addressed himself once more to me. "You can't believe it, can you?" he said, mockingly. "Here! come along and see for yourself."

He led the way round to the front of the house. I followed him; and Mrs. Rubelle followed me. After passing through the iron gates, he stopped, and pointed with his whip to the disused middle wing of the building.

"There!" he said. "Look up at the first floor. You know the old Elizabethan bedrooms?"

Miss Halcombe is snug and safe in one of the best of them, at this moment. Take her in, Mrs. Rubelle (you have got your key?); take Mrs. Michelson in, and let her own eyes satisfy her that there is no deception, this time."

The tone in which he spoke to me, and the minute or two that had passed since we left the garden, helped me to recover my spirits a little. What I might have done, at this critical moment, if all my life had been passed in service, I cannot say. As it was, possessing the feelings, the principles, and the bringing-up of a lady, I could not hesitate about the right course to pursue. My duty to myself, and my duty to Lady Glyde, alike forbade me to remain in the employment of a man who had shamefully deceived us both by a series of atrocious falsehoods.

"I must beg permission, Sir Percival, to speak a few words to you in private," I said. "Having done so, I shall be ready to proceed with this person to Miss Halcombe's room."

Mrs. Rubelle, whom I had indicated by a slight turn of my head, insolently sniffed at her nosegay, and walked away, with great deliberation, towards the house door.

"Well," said Sir Percival, sharply; "what is it now?"

"I wish to mention, sir, that I am desirous of resigning the situation I now hold at Blackwater Park." That was literally how I put it. I was resolved that the first words spoken in his presence should be words which expressed my intention to leave his service.

He eyed me with one of his blackest looks, and thrust his hands savagely into the pockets of his riding-coat.

"Why?" he said; "why, I should like to know?"

"It is not for me, Sir Percival, to express an opinion on what has taken place in this house. I desire to give no offence. I merely wish to say that I do not feel it consistent with my duty to Lady Glyde and to myself to remain any longer in your service."

"Is it consistent with your duty to me to stand there, casting suspicion on me to my face?" he broke out, in his most violent manner.

"I see what you're driving at. You have taken your own mean, underhand view of an innocent deception practised on Lady Glyde, for her own good. It was essential to her health that she should have a change of air immediately—and, you know as well as I do, she would never have

gone away, if she had known Miss Halcombe was still left here. She has been deceived in her own interests—and I don't care who knows it. Go, if you like—there are plenty of house-keepers as good as you, to be had for the asking. Go, when you please—but take care how you spread scandals about me and my affairs, when you're out of my service. Tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, or it will be the worse for you! See Miss Halcombe for yourself; see if she hasn't been as well taken care of in one part of the house as in the other. Remember the doctor's own orders that Lady Glyde was to have a change of air at the earliest possible opportunity. Bear all that well in mind—and then say anything against me and my proceedings if you dare!"

He poured out these words fiercely, all in a breath, walking backwards and forwards, and striking about him in the air with his whip.

Nothing that he said or did shook my opinion of the disgraceful series of falsehoods that he had told, in my presence, the day before, or of the cruel deception by which he had separated Lady Glyde from her sister, and had sent her uselessly to London, when she was half distracted with anxiety on Miss Halcombe's account. I naturally kept these thoughts to myself, and said nothing more to irritate him; but I was not the less resolved to persist in my purpose. A soft answer turneth away wrath; and I suppressed my own feelings, accordingly, when it was my turn to reply.

"While I am in your service, Sir Percival," I said, "I hope I know my duty well enough not to inquire into your motives. When I am out of your service, I hope I know my own place well enough not to speak of matters which don't concern me—"

"When do you want to go?" he asked, interrupting me without ceremony. "Don't suppose I am anxious to keep you—don't suppose I care about your leaving the house. I am perfectly fair and open in this matter, from first to last. When do you want to go?"

"I should wish to leave at your earliest convenience, Sir Percival."

"My convenience has nothing to do with it. I shall be out of the house, for good and all, to-morrow morning; and I can settle your accounts to-night. If you want to study anybody's convenience, it had better be Miss Halcombe's. Mrs. Rubelle's time is up to-day; and she has reasons for wishing to be in London to-night. If you go at once, Miss Halcombe won't have a soul left here to look after her."

I hope it is unnecessary for me to say that I was quite incapable of deserting Miss Halcombe in such an emergency as had now befallen Lady Glyde and herself. After first distinctly ascertaining from Sir Percival that Mrs. Rubelle was certain to leave at once if I took her place, and after also obtaining permission to arrange for Mr. Dawson's resuming his attendance on his patient, I willingly consented to remain at Blackwater Park, until Miss Halcombe no longer required my services. It was settled that I should

give Sir Percival's solicitor a week's notice before I left; and that he was to undertake the necessary arrangements for appointing my successor. The matter was discussed in very few words. At its conclusion, Sir Percival abruptly turned on his heel, and left me free to join Mrs. Rubelle. That singular foreign person had been sitting composedly on the door-step, all this time, waiting till I could follow her to Miss Halcombe's room.

I had hardly walked half way towards the house, when Sir Percival, who had withdrawn in the opposite direction, suddenly stopped, and called me back.

"Why are you leaving my service?" he asked. The question was so extraordinary, after what had just passed between us, that I hardly knew what to say in answer to it.

"Mind! I don't know why you are going," he went on. "You must give a reason for leaving me, I suppose, when you get another situation. What reason? The breaking-up of the family? Is that it?"

"There can be no positive objection, Sir Percival, to that reason—"

"Very well! That's all I want to know. If people apply for your character, that's your reason, stated by yourself. You go in consequence of the breaking-up of the family."

He turned away again, before I could say another word, and walked out rapidly into the grounds. His manner was as strange as his language. I acknowledge he alarmed me.

Even the patience of Mrs. Rubelle was getting exhausted, when I joined her at the house door.

"At last!" she said, with a shrug of her lean foreign shoulders. She led the way into the inhabited side of the house, ascended the stairs, and opened with her key the door at the end of the passage, which communicated with the old Elizabethan rooms—a door never previously used, in my time, at Blackwater Park. The rooms themselves I knew well, having entered them myself, on various occasions, from the other side of the house. Mrs. Rubelle stopped at the third door along the old gallery, handed me the key of it, with the key of the door of communication, and told me I should find Miss Halcombe in that room. Before I went in, I thought it desirable to make her understand that her attendance had ceased. Accordingly, I told her in plain words that the charge of the sick lady henceforth devolved entirely on myself.

"I am glad to hear it, ma'am," said Mrs. Rubelle. "I want to go very much."

"Do you leave to-day?" I asked, to make sure of her.

"Now, that you have taken the charge, ma'am, I leave in half an hour's time. Sir Percival has kindly placed at my disposition the gardener, and the chaise, whenever I want them. I shall want them in half an hour's time, to go to the station. I am packed up, in anticipation, already. I wish you good day, ma'am."

She dropped a brisk curtsey, and walked back along the gallery, humming a little tune, and

keeping time to it cheerfully, with the nosegay in her hand. I am sincerely thankful to say, that was the last I saw of Mrs. Rubelle.

When I went into the room, Miss Halcombe was asleep. I looked at her anxiously, as she lay in the dismal, high, old-fashioned bed. She was certainly not in any respect altered for the worse, since I had seen her last. She had not been neglected, I am bound to admit, in any way that I could perceive. The room was dreary, and dusty, and dark; but the window (looking on a solitary court-yard at the back of the house) was opened to let in the fresh air, and all that could be done to make the place comfortable had been done. The whole cruelty of Sir Percival's deception had fallen on poor Lady Glyde. The only ill-usage which either he or Mrs. Rubelle had inflicted on Miss Halcombe, consisted, so far as I could see, in the first offence of hiding her away.

I stole back, leaving the sick lady still peacefully asleep, to give the gardener instructions about bringing the doctor. I begged the man, after he had taken Mrs. Rubelle to the station, to drive round by Mr. Dawson's, and leave a message, in my name, asking him to call and see me. I knew he would come on my account, and I knew he would remain when he found Count Fosco had left the house.

In due course of time, the gardener returned, and said that he had driven round by Mr. Dawson's residence, after leaving Mrs. Rubelle at the station. The doctor sent me word that he was poorly in health himself, but that he would call, if possible, the next morning.

Having delivered his message, the gardener was about to withdraw, but I stopped him to request that he would come back before dark, and sit up, that night, in one of the empty bedrooms, so as to be within call, in case I wanted him. He understood readily enough my unwillingness to be left alone all night, in the most desolate part of that desolate house, and we arranged that he should come in between eight and nine. He came punctually; and I found cause to be thankful that I had adopted the precaution of calling him in. Before midnight, Sir Percival's strange temper broke out in the most violent and most alarming manner; and if the gardener had not been on the spot to pacify him on the instant, I am afraid to think what might have happened.

Almost all the afternoon and evening, he had been walking about the house and grounds in an unsettled, excitable manner; having, in all probability, as I thought, taken an excessive quantity of wine at his solitary dinner. However that may be, I heard his voice calling loudly and angrily, in the new wing of the house, as I was taking a turn backwards and forwards along the gallery, the last thing at night. The gardener immediately ran down to him; and I closed the door of communication, to keep the alarm, if possible, from reaching Miss Halcombe's ears. It was full half an hour before the gardener came back. He declared that his master

was quite out of his senses—not through the excitement of drink, as I had supposed, but through a kind of panic or frenzy of mind, for which it was impossible to account. He had found Sir Percival walking backwards and forwards by himself in the hall; swearing, with every appearance of the most violent passion, that he would not stop another minute alone in such a dungeon as his own house, and that he would take the first stage of his journey immediately, in the middle of the night. The gardener, on approaching him, had been hunted out, with oaths and threats, to get the horse and chaise ready instantly. In a quarter of an hour Sir Percival had joined him in the yard, had jumped into the chaise, and, lashing the horse into a gallop, had driven himself away, with his face as pale as ashes in the moonlight. The gardener had heard him shouting and cursing at the lodge-keeper to get up and open the gate—had heard the wheels roll furiously on again, in the still night, when the gate was unlocked—and knew no more.

The next day, or a day or two after, I forget which, the chaise was brought back from Knowlesbury, our nearest town, by the ostler at the old inn. Sir Percival had stopped there, and had afterwards left by the train—for what destination the man could not tell. I never received any further information, either from himself, or from any one else, of Sir Percival's proceedings; and I am not even aware, at this moment, whether he is in England or out of it. He and I have not met, since he drove away, like an escaped criminal, from his own house; and it is my fervent hope and prayer that we may never meet again.

My own part of this sad family story is now drawing to an end.

I have been informed that the particulars of Miss Halcombe's waking, and of what passed between us when she found me sitting by her bedside, are not material to the purpose which is to be answered by the present narrative. It will be sufficient for me to say, in this place, that she was not herself conscious of the means adopted to remove her from the inhabited to the uninhabited part of the house. She was in a deep sleep at the time, whether naturally or artificially produced she could not say. In my absence at Torquay, and in the absence of all the resident servants, except Margaret Porcher (who was perpetually eating, drinking, or sleeping when she was not at work), the secret transfer of Miss Halcombe from one part of the house to the other was no doubt easily performed. Mrs. Rubelle (as I discovered for myself, in looking about the room) had provisions, and all other necessities, together with the means of heating water, broth, and so on, without kindling a fire, placed at her disposal during the few days of her imprisonment with the sick lady. She had declined to answer the questions which Miss Halcombe naturally put; but had not, in other respects, treated her with unkindness or neglect. The

disgrace of lending herself to a vile deception is the only disgrace with which I can conscientiously charge Mrs. Rubelle.

I need write no particulars (and I am relieved to know it) of the effect produced on Miss Halcombe by the news of Lady Glyde's departure, or by the far more melancholy tidings which reached us only too soon afterwards at Blackwater Park. In both cases, I prepared her mind beforehand as gently and as carefully as possible; having the doctor's advice to guide me, in the last case only, through Mr. Dawson's being too unwell to come to the house for some days after I had sent for him. It was a sad time, a time which it afflicts me to think of, or to write of, now. The precious blessings of religious consolation which I endeavoured to convey, were long in reaching Miss Halcombe's heart; but I hope and believe they came home to her at last. I never left her till her strength was restored. The train which took me away from that miserable house was the train which took her away also. We parted very mournfully in London. I remained with a relative at Islington; and she went on to Mr. Fairlie's house in Cumberland.

I have only a few lines more to write, before I close this painful statement. They are dictated by a sense of duty.

In the first place, I wish to record my own personal conviction that no blame whatever, in connexion with the events which I have now related, attaches to Count Fosco. I am informed that a dreadful suspicion has been raised, and that some very serious constructions are placed upon his lordship's conduct. My persuasion of the Count's innocence remains, however, quite unshaken. If he assisted Sir Percival in sending me to Torquay, he assisted under a delusion, for which, as a foreigner and a stranger, he was not to blame. If he was concerned in bringing Mrs. Rubelle to Blackwater Park, it was his misfortune and not his fault, when that foreign person was base enough to assist a deception planned and carried out by the master of the house. I protest, in the interests of morality, against blame being gratuitously and wantonly attached to the proceedings of the Count.

In the second place, I desire to express my regret at my own inability to remember the precise day on which Lady Glyde left Blackwater Park for London. I am told that it is of the last importance to ascertain the exact date of that lamentable journey; and I have anxiously taxed my memory to recal it. The effort has been in vain. I can only remember now that it was towards the latter part of July. We all know the difficulty, after a lapse of time, of fixing precisely on a past date, unless it has been previously written down. That difficulty is greatly increased, in my case, by the alarming and confusing events which took place about the period of Lady Glyde's departure. I heartily wish I had made a memorandum at the time. I heartily wish my memory of the date was as vivid as my memory of that poor lady's face, when it looked

at me sorrowfully for the last time from the carriage window.

THE NARRATIVE OF HESTER PINHORN, COOK IN THE SERVICE OF COUNT FOSCO.

[TAKEN DOWN FROM HER OWN STATEMENT.]

I AM sorry to say that I have never learnt to read or write. I have been a hard-working woman all my life, and have kept a good character. I know that it is a sin and wickedness to say the thing which is not; and I will truly beware of doing so on this occasion. All that I know, I will tell; and I humbly beg the gentleman who takes this down to put my language right as he goes on, and to make allowances for my being no scholar.

In this last summer, I happened to be out of place (through no fault of my own); and I heard of a situation, as plain cook, at Number Five, Forest-road, St. John's Wood. I took the place, on trial. My master's name was Fosco. My mistress was an English lady. He was Count and she was Countess. They had a girl to do housemaid's work, when I got there. She was not over clean or tidy—but there was no harm in her. I and she were the only servants in the house.

I had not been very long in my new place, when the housemaid came down stairs, and said company was expected from the country. The company was my mistress's niece, and the back bedroom on the first floor was got ready for her. My mistress mentioned to me that Lady Glyde (that was her name) was in poor health, and that I must be particular in my cooking accordingly. She was to come the next day; or it might be the day after, or it might be even longer than that. I am sorry to say it's no use asking me about days of the month, and such-like. Except Sundays, half my time I take no heed of them; being a hard-working woman and no scholar. All I know is, it certainly was not long before Lady Glyde came; and, when she did come, a fine fright she gave us all, surely. I don't know how master brought her to the house, being at work at the time. But he did bring her, in the afternoon, I think; and the housemaid opened the door to them, and showed them into the parlour. Before she had been long down in the kitchen again with me, we heard a hurry-scurry, up-stairs, and the bell ringing like mad, and my mistress's voice calling out for help.

We both ran up; and there we saw the lady laid on the sofa, with her face ghastly white, and her hands fast clenched, and her head drawn down to one side. She had been taken with a sudden fright, my mistress said; and master he told us she was in a fit of convulsions. I ran out, knowing the neighbourhood a little better than the rest of them, to fetch the nearest doctor's help. The nearest help was at Goodricke's and Garth's, who worked together as partners, and had a good name and connexion, as I have heard, all round St. John's Wood.

Mr. Goodricke was in; and he came back with me directly.

It was some time before he could make himself of much use. The poor unfortunate lady fell out of one fit into another—and went on so, till she was quite wearied out, and as helpless as a new-born babe. We then got her to bed. Mr. Goodricke went away to his house for medicine, and came back again in a quarter of an hour or less. Besides the medicine he brought a bit of hollow mahogany wood with him, shaped like a kind of trumpet; and, after waiting a little while, he put one end over the lady's heart and the other to his ear, and listened carefully. When he had done, he says to my mistress, who was in the room, "This is a very serious case," he says; "I recommend you to write to Lady Glyde's friends directly." My mistress, says to him, "Is it heart-disease?" And he says "Yes; heart-disease of a most dangerous kind." He told her exactly what he thought was the matter, which I was not clever enough to understand. But I know this, he ended by saying that he was afraid neither his help nor any other doctor's help was likely to be of much service.

My mistress took this ill news more quietly than my master. He was a big, fat, odd sort of elderly man, who kept birds and white mice, and spoke to them as if they were so many Christian children. He seemed terribly cut up by what had happened. "Ah! poor Lady Glyde! poor dear Lady Glyde!" he says—and went stalking about, wringing his fat hands more like a play-actor than a gentleman. For one question my mistress asked the doctor about the lady's chances of getting round, he asked a good fifty at least. I declare he quite tormented us all—and, when he was quiet at last, out he went into the bit of back garden, picking trumpery little nosegays, and asking me to take them up-stairs and make the sick-room look pretty with them. As if *that* did any good! I think he must have been, at times, a little soft in his head. But he was not a bad master: he had a monstrous civil tongue of his own; and a jolly, easy, coaxing way with him. I liked him a deal better than my mistress. She was a hard one, if ever there was a hard one yet.

Towards night-time, the lady roused up a little. She had been so wearied out, before that, by the convulsions, that she never stirred hand or foot, or spoke a word to anybody. She moved in the bed now; and stared about her at the room and us in it. She must have been a nice-looking lady, when well, with light hair, and blue eyes, and all that. Her rest was troubled at night—at least so I heard from my mistress, who sat up alone with her. I only went in once before going to bed, to see if I could be of any use; and then she was talking to herself, in a confused, rambling manner. She seemed to want sadly to speak to somebody, who was absent from her somewhere. I couldn't catch the name, the first time; and the second time master knocked at the door, with his regular mouthful of questions, and another of his trumpery nosegays. When I went in, early the next morning, the

lady was clean worn out again, and lay in a kind of faint sleep. Mr. Goodricke brought his partner, Mr. Garth, with him to advise. They said she must not be disturbed out of her rest, on any account. They asked my mistress a many questions, at the other end of the room, about what the lady's health had been in past times, and who had attended her, and whether she had ever suffered much and long together under distress of mind. I remember my mistress said "Yes," to that last question. And Mr. Goodricke looked at Mr. Garth, and shook his head; and Mr. Garth looked at Mr. Goodricke, and shook his head. They seemed to think that the distress might have something to do with the mischief at the lady's heart. She was but a frail thing to look at, poor creature! Very little strength, at any time, I should say—very little strength.

Later on the same morning, when she woke, the lady took a sudden turn, and got seemingly a great deal better. I was not let in again to see her, no more was the housemaid, for the reason that she was not to be disturbed by strangers. What I heard of her being better was through my master. He was in wonderful good spirits about the change, and looked in at the kitchen window from the garden, with his great big curly-brimmed white hat on, to go out. "Good Mrs. Cook," says he, "Lady Glyde is better. My mind is more easy than it was; and I am going out to stretch my big legs with a sunny little summer walk. Shall I order for you, shall I market for you, Mrs. Cook? What are you making there? A nice tart for dinner? Much crust, if you please—much crisp crust, my dear, that melts and crumbles delicious in the mouth." That was his way. He was past sixty, and fond of pastry. Just think of that!

The doctor came again in the forenoon, and saw for himself that Lady Glyde had woke up better. He forbid us to talk to her, or to let her talk to us, in case she was that way disposed; saying she must be kept quiet before all things, and encouraged to sleep as much as possible. She did not seem to want to talk whenever I saw her—except overnight, when I couldn't make out what she was saying—she seemed too much worn down. Mr. Goodricke was not nearly in such good spirits about her as master. He said nothing when he came down stairs, except that he would call again at five o'clock. About that time (which was before master came home again), the bell rang hard from the bedroom, and my mistress ran out into the landing, and called to me to go for Mr. Goodricke, and tell him the lady had fainted. I got on my bonnet and shawl, when, as good luck would have it, the doctor himself came to the house for his promised visit.

I let him in, and went up-stairs along with him. "Lady Glyde was just as usual," says my mistress to him at the door; "she was awake, and looking about her, in a strange, forlorn manner, when I heard her give a sort of half cry, and she fainted in a moment." The doctor went up to the bed, and stooped down

over the sick lady. He looked very serious, all on a sudden, at the sight of her; and put his hand on her heart.

My mistress stared hard in Mr. Goodricke's face. "Not dead!" says she, whispering, and turning all of a tremble from head to foot.

"Yes," says the doctor, very quiet and grave. "Dead. I was afraid it would happen suddenly, when I examined her heart yesterday." My mistress stepped back from the bedside, while he was speaking; and trembled and trembled again. "Dead!" she whispers to herself; "dead so suddenly! dead so soon! What will the Count say?" Mr. Goodricke advised her to go down stairs, and quiet herself a little. "You have been sitting up all night," says he; "and your nerves are shaken. This person," says he, meaning me, "this person will stay in the room, till I can send for the necessary assistance." My mistress did as he told her. "I must prepare the Count," she says. "I must carefully prepare the Count." And so she left us, shaking from head to foot, and went out.

"Your master is a foreigner," says Mr. Goodricke, when my mistress had left us. "Does he understand about registering the death?" "I can't rightly tell, sir," says I; "but I should think not." The doctor considered a minute; and then, says he, "I don't usually do such things," says he, "but it may save the family trouble in this case, if I register the death myself. I shall pass the district office in half an hour's time; and I can easily look in. Mention, if you please, that I will do so." "Yes, sir," says I, "with thanks, I'm sure, for your kindness in thinking of it." "You don't mind staying here, till I can send you the proper person?" says he. "No, sir," says I; "I'll stay with the poor lady, till then. I suppose nothing more could be done, sir, than was done?" says I. "No," says he; "nothing; she must have suffered sadly before ever I saw her: the case was hopeless when I was called in." "Ah, dear me! we all come to it, sooner or later, don't we, sir?" says I. He gave no answer to that; he didn't seem to care about talking. He said, "Good day," and went out.

I stopped by the bedside from that time, till the time when Mr. Goodricke sent the person in, as he had promised. She was, by name, Jane Gould. I considered her to be a respectable-looking woman. She made no remark, except to say that she understood what was wanted of her, and that she had winded a many of them in her time.

How master bore the news, when he first heard it, is more than I can tell; not having been present. When I did see him, he looked awfully overcome by it, to be sure. He sat quiet in a corner, with his fat hands hanging over his thick knees, and his head down, and his eyes looking at nothing. He seemed not so much sorry, as scared and dazed like, by what had happened. My mistress managed all that was to be done about the funeral. It must have cost a sight of money: the coffin, in particular,

being most beautiful. The dead lady's husband was away, as we heard, in foreign parts. But my mistress (being her aunt) settled it with her friends in the country (Cumberland, I think) that she should be buried there, in the same grave along with her mother. Everything was done handsomely, in respect of the funeral, I say again; and master went down to attend the burying in the country himself. He looked grand in his deep mourning, with his big solemn face, and his slow walk, and his broad hatband—that he did!

In conclusion, I have to say, in answer to questions put to me,

(1) That neither I nor my fellow-servant ever saw my master give Lady Glyde any medicine himself.

(2) That he was never, to my knowledge and belief, left alone in the room with Lady Glyde.

(3) That I am not able to say what caused the sudden fright, which my mistress informed me had seized the lady on her first coming into the house. The cause was never explained, either to me or to my fellow-servant.

The above statement has been read over in my presence. I have nothing to add to it, or to take away from it. I say, on my oath as a Christian woman, This is the truth.

(Signed) Hester Pinhorn, Her + Mark.

THE NARRATIVE OF THE DOCTOR.

"To The Registrar of the Sub-District in which the under-mentioned Death took place.—I hereby certify that I attended *Lady Glyde*, aged *Twenty-one* last Birthday; that I last saw her, on the *28th July, 1850*; that she died on the same day at *No. 5, Forest-road, St. John's Wood*; and that the cause of her death was

CAUSE OF DEATH.	DURATION OF DISEASE.
<i>Aneurism.</i>	<i>Not known.</i>

Signed,
Alfred Goodricke.

Prof. Title. *M.R.C.S. Eng. L.S.A.*

Address. *12, Croydon Gardens, St. John's Wood.*

THE NARRATIVE OF JANE GOULD.

I WAS the person sent in by Mr. Goodricke, to do what was right and needful by the remains of a lady, who had died at the house named in the certificate which precedes this. I found the body in charge of the servant, Hester Pinhorn. I remained with it, and prepared it, at the proper time, for the grave. It was laid in the coffin, in my presence; and I afterwards saw the coffin screwed down, previous to its removal. When that had been done, and not before, I received what was due to me, and left the house. I refer persons who may wish to investigate my cha-

acter to Mr. Goodricke. He has known me for more than six years; and he will bear witness that I can be trusted to tell the truth.

(Signed) *Jane Gould.*

THE NARRATIVE OF THE TOMBSTONE.

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
LAURA,
LADY GLYDE,
WIFE OF SIR PERCIVAL GLYDE, BART.,
OF BLACKWATER PARK, HAMPSHIRE;
AND
DAUGHTER OF THE LATE PHILIP FAIRLIE, ESQ.,
OF LIMMERIDGE HOUSE, IN THIS PARISH.
BORN, MARCH 27TH, 1829.
MARRIED, DECEMBER 23RD, 1849.
DIED, JULY 28TH, 1850.

THE NARRATIVE OF WALTER HARTRIGHT, RESUMED.

I.

EARLY in the summer of 1850, I, and my surviving companions, left the wilds and forests of Central America for home. Arrived at the coast, we took ship there for England. The vessel was wrecked in the Gulf of Mexico; I was among the few saved from the sea. It was my third escape from peril of death. Death by disease, death by the Indians, death by drowning—all three had approached me; all three had passed me by.

The survivors of the wreck were rescued by an American vessel, bound for Liverpool. The ship reached her port on the thirteenth day of October, 1850. We landed late in the afternoon; and I arrived in London the same night.

These pages are not the record of my wanderings and my dangers away from home. The motives which led me from my country and my friends to a new world of adventure and peril are known. From that self-imposed exile I came back, as I had hoped, prayed, believed I should come back—a changed man. In the waters of a new life I had tempered my nature afresh. In the stern school of extremity and danger my will had learnt to be strong, my heart to be resolute, my mind to rely on itself. I had gone out to fly from my own future. I came back to face it, as a man should.

To face it with that inevitable suppression of myself which I knew it would demand from me. I had parted with the worst bitterness of the past, but not with my heart's remembrance of the sorrow and the tenderness of that memorable time. I had not ceased to feel the one irreparable disappointment of my life—I had only learnt to bear it. Laura Fairlie was in all my thoughts when the ship bore me away, and I looked my last at England. Laura Fairlie was in all my thoughts when the ship brought me back, and the morning light showed the friendly shore in view.

My pen traces the old letters as my heart goes

back to the old love. I write of her as Laura Fairlie still. It is hard to think of her, it is hard to speak of her, by her husband's name.

There are no more words of explanation to add, on my appearing for the second time in these pages. This final narrative, if I have the strength and the courage to write it, may now go on.

My first anxieties and first hopes, when the morning came, centred in my mother and my sister. I felt the necessity of preparing them for the joy and surprise of my return, after an absence, during which it had been impossible for them to receive any tidings of me for months past. Early in the morning, I sent a letter to the Hampstead Cottage; and followed it myself, in an hour's time.

When the first meeting was over, when our quiet and composure of other days began gradually to return to us, I saw something in my mother's face which told me that a secret oppression lay heavy on her heart. There was more than love—there was sorrow in the anxious eyes that looked on me so tenderly; there was pity in the kind hand that slowly and fondly strengthened its hold on mine. We had no concealments from each other. She knew how the hope of my life had been wrecked—she knew why I had left her. It was on my lips to ask as composedly as I could, if any letter had come for me from Miss Halcombe—if there was any news of her sister that I might hear. But, when I looked in my mother's face, I lost courage to put the question even in that guarded form. I could only say, doubtfully and restrainedly,

"You have something to tell me."

My sister, who had been sitting opposite to us, rose suddenly, without a word of explanation—rose, and left the room.

My mother moved closer to me on the sofa, and put her arms round my neck. Those fond arms trembled; the tears flowed fast over the faithful, loving face.

"Walter!" she whispered—"my own darling! my heart is heavy for you. Oh, my son! my son! try to remember that I am still left!"

My head sank on her bosom. She had said all, in saying those words.

II.

It was the morning of the third day since my return—the morning of the sixteenth of October.

I had remained with them at the Cottage; I had tried hard not to embitter the happiness of my return, to *them*, as it was embittered to *me*. I had done all man could to rise after the shock, and accept my life resignedly—to let my great sorrow come in tenderness to my heart, and not in despair. It was useless and hopeless. No tears soothed my aching eyes; no relief came to me from my sister's sympathy or my mother's love.

On that third morning, I opened my heart to them. At last the words passed my lips which

I had longed to speak on the day when my mother told me of her death.

"Let me go away alone, for a little while," I said. "I shall bear it better when I have looked once more at the place where I first saw her—when I have knelt and prayed by the grave where they have laid her to rest."

I departed on my journey—my journey to the grave of Laura Fairlie.

It was a quiet autumn afternoon, when I stopped at the solitary station, and set forth alone, on foot, by the well-remembered road. The waning sun was shining faintly through thin white clouds; the air was warm and still; the peacefulness of the lonely country was overshadowed and saddened by the influence of the falling year.

I reached the moor; I stood again on the brow of the hill; I looked on, along the path—and there were the familiar garden trees in the distance, the clear sweeping semicircle of the drive, the high white walls of Limmeridge House. The chances and changes, the wanderings and dangers of months and months past, all shrank and shrivelled to nothing in my mind. It was like yesterday, since my feet had last trodden the fragrant heathy ground! I thought I should see her coming to meet me, with her little straw hat shading her face, her simple dress fluttering in the air, and her well-filled sketch-book ready in her hand.

Oh, Death, thou hast thy sting! oh, Grave, thou hast thy victory!

I turned aside; and there below me, in the glen, was the lonesome grey church; the porch where I had waited for the coming of the woman in white; the hills encircling the quiet burial-ground; the brook bubbling cold over its stony bed. There was the marble cross, fair and white, at the head of the tomb—the tomb that now rose over mother and daughter alike.

I approached the grave. I crossed once more the low stone stile, and bared my head as I touched the sacred ground. Sacred to gentleness and goodness; sacred to reverence and grief.

I stopped before the pedestal from which the cross rose. On one side of it, on the side nearest to me, the newly-cut inscription met my eyes—the hard, clear, cruel black letters which told the story of her life and death. I tried to read them. I did read, as far as the name. "Sacred to the Memory of Laura—" The kind blue eyes dim with tears; the fair head drooping wearily; the innocent, parting words which implored me to leave her—oh, for a happier last memory of her than this; the memory I took away with me, the memory I bring back with me to her grave!

A second time, I tried to read the inscription. I saw, at the end, the date of her death; and, above it—

Above it, there were lines on the marble, there was a name among them, which disturbed my thoughts of her. I went round to the other side of the grave, where there was nothing to read—nothing of earthly vileness to force its way between her spirit and mine.

I knelt down by the tomb. I laid my hands, I laid my head, on the broad white stone, and closed my weary eyes on the earth around, and on the light above. I let her come back to me. Oh, my love! my love! my heart may speak to you *now*! It is yesterday again, since we parted—yesterday, since your dear hand lay in mine—yesterday, since my eyes looked their last on you. My love! my love!

Time had flowed on; and Silence had fallen, like thick night, over its course.

The first sound that came, after the heavenly peace, rustled faintly, like a passing breath of air, over the grass of the burial-ground. I heard it nearing me slowly, until it came changed to my ear—came like footsteps moving onward—then stopped.

I looked up.

The sunset was near at hand. The clouds had parted; the slanting light fell mellow over the hills. The last of the day was cold and clear and still in the quiet valley of the dead.

Beyond me, in the burial-ground, standing together in the cold clearness of the lower light, I saw two women. They were looking towards the tomb; looking towards *me*.

Two.

They came a little on; and stopped again. Their veils were down, and hid their faces from me. When they stopped, one of them raised her veil. In the still evening light, I saw the face of Marian Halcombe.

Changed, changed as if years had passed over it! The eyes large and wild, and looking at me with a strange terror in them. The face worn and wasted piteously. Pain and fear and grief written on her as with a brand.

I took one step towards her from the grave. She never moved—she never spoke. The veiled woman with her cried out faintly. I stopped. The springs of my life fell low; and the shuddering of an unutterable dread crept over me from head to foot.

The woman with the veiled face moved away from her companion, and came towards me slowly. Left by herself, standing by herself, Marian Halcombe spoke. It was the voice that I remembered—the voice not changed, like the frightened eyes and the wasted face.

"My dream! my dream!" I heard her say these words softly, in the awful silence. She sank on her knees, and raised her clasped hands to the heaven. "Father! strengthen him. Father! help him, in his hour of need."

The woman came on; slowly and silently came on. I looked at her—at her, and at none other, from that moment.

The voice that was praying for me, faltered and sank low—then rose on a sudden, and called affrightedly, called despairingly to me to come away.

But the veiled woman had possession of me, body and soul. She stopped on one side of the grave. We stood face to face, with the tombstone between us. She was close to the inscrip-

tion on the side of the pedestal. Her gown touched the black letters.

The voice came nearer, and rose and rose more passionately still. "Hide your face! don't look at her! Oh, for God's sake, spare him!—"

The woman lifted her veil.

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
LAURA,
LADY GLYDE,—

Laura, Lady Glyde, was standing by the inscription, and was looking at me over the grave.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

ORCHARD HOUSES.

Two separate advantages are found to be derived by the public from a reduction in the price, by diminished taxation, of any commodity in general use; namely, the expected advantage and the unexpected advantage. When sugar suddenly dropped in price, some years ago, few could have guessed that its immediate effect would be the saving of a host of small market-gardeners from very embarrassed circumstances—many from ruin. Yet the steps of the process were simple. Those gardeners had in cultivation an immense quantity of perishable strawberries, currants, gooseberries, and raspberries, which (unlike the prunes, the figs, and the raisins of the South) do not attain of themselves sufficient sweetness to preserve them. With high-priced sugar, their conversion into preserves was a losing speculation; therefore, what was not consumed immediately, was left to rot upon the bushes. Even what was consumed, sold badly. But, with cheap sugar, the same despoiled fruits were at once bought up eagerly and made into jams and jellies, not only for home consumption, but for exportation, to be paid for in hard cash, or by goods sent in return. The gardeners paid their rents, cleared off their mortgages, and bought their families the new Sunday clothes, of which they had long been standing in need.

Another illustrative instance of the good effects of a liberal system appears to be manifesting itself to the inhabitants of the British Islands. No one can tell, even yet, what convenient and agreeable results may be the consequence of cheap glass. Crystal palaces are things to admire and wonder at; but photographic galleries, covered courts, glazed passages, increased sunlight in offices and counting-houses, and inexpensive greenhouses and aquaria, are all things of daily comfort and entertainment. To these, Mr. Thomas Rivers, of rose celebrity, has added a set of useful and efficient constructions, to which he has given the modest title of *ORCHARD HOUSES*.

When cheap glass was offered to the gardening world, gardeners were far from anticipating that cheap glass would ever knock down garden-walls. It is not on Mr. Rivers's sole authority that we state it is likely to do

so; because that gentleman, far-seeing horticulturist as he is, might be suspected of prejudice in favour of his own hobby. An authority less liable to suspicion, Dr. Lindley, foresees that Orchard Houses will serve both to give trees a better climate by shelter, and to increase their fruitfulness by maintaining an equipoise of growth. No wall, under any conceivable circumstances, can secure so good a climate as a well-managed glass-house; for, in such a structure we not only gain heat and repel cold, but expose our plants incessantly to those rapid currents of fresh air which are denied to a wall, although they are the greatest cause of colour and flavour. The learned professor further predicts that the Orchard House System will be the means of simplifying and facilitating the business of PRUNING and TRAINING fruit-trees, relieving gardeners of this troublesome and difficult work, which consumes no end of labour, half kills men in winter by cold, and, in summer, by baking them against hot walls, and is constantly attended by disappointment instead of being rewarded with success.

What is the use of garden-walls? "To keep out thieves," answers some unreflecting reader. Certainly, it must be allowed that walls do, to some extent, help to exclude pilferers from a tempting spot; but, in hundreds of gardens, walls have been built solely for the purpose of having fruit-trees nailed against them. Invent a better mode of growing fruit-trees in the British climate, and British garden-walls are sapped and mined, ready to totter at the first high wind. Mr. Rivers and his little book are the Joshua and the trumpet at whose blast and shoutings the brick and mortar fortifications of the horticultural Jericho must eventually crumble into dust.

Walls have hitherto had it all their own way, for want of competition; nothing better has appeared to rival them. Not to speak of their expensiveness, a great check to the enterprising gardener is the limited extent to which his wall space can possibly be increased. It is of no use making walls above a certain height; because wall-trees only grow to a certain height. An acre of garden, surrounded by a wall, will only give a fixed extent of wall with south, east, and western aspect, along its outer boundary. The wall facing the north is of little use, except for currants and Morello cherries. Walls running across the middle of a garden, like the bars of a gridiron, are melancholy and wasteful contrivances: every square foot of sunshine they catch is dearly paid for by an extensive area of cold and shady border. The fruit-trees, unnaturally trained and flattened against them, are diseased and short-lived. Only compare a wall peach or apricot tree, even in our southern counties, with the standard peaches and apricots that grow wild in the vineyards of Burgundy!

Neither do walls completely fulfil the duties that are expected of them. Our finer fruits (natives of climates that differ from and are in some respects finer than our own) have all some trifling peculiarity of constitution which unfits

them for unprotected exposure to our seasons. Even of our native fruits, some of the most delicious varieties have been originated in countries whose summers are more genial than our own; witness the American apples and the French and Jersey pears. To enjoy their crops, it will not do to plant them out in the open fields. We nurse them, by training them to walls. But these peculiarities of constitution, which are the stumbling-blocks to gardeners, are not the same in all species of cultivated fruits; consequently, a wall well adapted to the peculiarities of one species, as the vine is, may be but imperfectly adapted to those of others, as the peach and the apricot are; else, why are those crops such frequent failures? Whilst for others (especially for that delicious fruit, the fresh ripe fig), a wall is worse than useless. It inspires false confidence.

If the apricot could only be persuaded to blossom a month later than it does, we might have open orchards of apricot-trees, as we have of pear and apple trees. Unfortunately, though vegetation may be easily forced and hastened; to keep it back beyond its appointed time, without great injury, is next to impossible. There are varieties of the Mirabelle plum (not first-rate, but both pretty and early, and excellent for the kitchen), which annually bloom profusely in England, while the fruit itself is a positive rarity, as it is not considered to deserve a wall. A fair crop of greengages, away from walls, is realised but three years out of seven, even in the south of England; two years out of seven in the midland counties; seldom or never in Yorkshire. On walls, it is anything but a certainty. The interval between Easter and Whitsuntide is a bitter trial to the fructification of stone-fruits. It is the period called *la lune rousse*, the red moon, dreaded by French gardeners and vine-growers. Cobbett, observing its coincidence with the time of flowering of the sloe, happily styled it "the blackthorn winter." It often persecutes the trees with hail, sleet, snow, and severe morning frosts: against which latter a wall affords no protection in spring, although it helps the ripening of the wood in autumn.

With fig-trees, on the other hand, it is winter frosts that do the mischief, in consequence of their peculiar growth and mode of bearing. On the shores of the Mediterranean, and in all warm climates where the winter is as good as frostless, the fig-tree bears two good crops of fruit, one in June and another in September. Were our summers warmer than they are, our winters remaining the same, the fig-tree would still be unable to bear one crop with us: because the first crop grows on the tender midsummer and autumnal shoots of the previous year, which are destroyed by our ordinary winters, and the second crop on the spring shoots of the current year, which our summers are too short to ripen, and which constitute the numerous little figs which we see pinched and blackened by the autumnal frosts in almost every English garden. Of what use is a wall alone for the protection of either set of shoots?

Fig-trees with us, on walls, *may* bear, perhaps, if their branches are detached in October, tied together in bundles, and thickly swathed with straw and hay-bands till the return of spring. At Argenteuil, a village which largely supplies the Paris markets, the branches of the trees are bent to the ground, and covered with litter, and even buried in earth, to save them from being frozen. In the kitchen-garden of the castle at Altenburg, Mr. Rivers observed some fine half-standard fig-trees with very stout, clear stems and round heads full of fruit, then (August) nearly full grown. Aware of the coldness of the climate, the thermometer often descending many degrees below zero in winter, so as to kill fig-trees in the open air, he inquired of the gardener how they were managed. They were taken up with their balls of earth and placed in a cellar, where they remained till the first week in May; they were then brought into the kitchen-garden and planted in a row. He said they always ripened one abundant crop of fruit in September. Mr. Rivers has reason to believe that standard figs, treated in this way, would also ripen one crop in the neighbourhood of London, so that every suburban garden might boast of its fig-tree in summer. In the eastern and southern counties they may be cultivated after this manner with a certainty of success.

An Orchard House will give to the vine its requisite warmer and drier summer; to the peach, the nectarine, the apricot, the almond, and the plum, a certain shelter from inclement springs, while it ripens the wood for next year's bearing. And, although fig-trees against walls require protection from the frost—which would otherwise destroy the young fruit—yet under glass, with the mould perfectly dry, and the shoots thoroughly ripened, they will be uninjured by the most severe cold, and will give one crop without help from fire-heat. A house with fire-heat is necessary, if two crops in the season are insisted on; but, in 1857, figs in common Orchard Houses ripened two crops of fruit in several instances.

But an Orchard House warmed by fire is not what interests us at present; for it is little else than the greenhouse or the hothouse with which we have been acquainted ever since John Evelyn's time. The real Orchard House of Rivers is a rough, inexpensive glass shed, which can be made up of old window-sashes and boards, if you have no better materials at command; it need not be particularly airtight, for free ventilation is one of its absolute conditions. Mr. Rivers gives several forms, with their most eligible dimensions, and their cost, from the homely Lean-to to the Large Span-roofed, with two walks in it, between rows of fruit-trees. The Lean-to house, being effectual, is much better than no glass roofed house at all; but even economical persons will make a sacrifice to have the Small Span-roofed, for the sake of its more complete appearance, its pleasantness as a promenade, and its freer admission of light and air. Although it will be wise to follow Mr. Rivers's proportions as to breadth

and height: the length of an Orchard House may depend on the owner's means and space.

The fruit-trees in Orchard Houses are grown in pots, with a slight exception to be mentioned. A fondness for figs first induced Mr. Rivers to attempt the pot-culture of fruit. It proved successful; and he further reasoned, if figs in pots can be made to bear a crop of fruit by giving them extra nourishment during the summer, why should not peaches, nectarines, apricots, vines, plums, cherries, and pears, be managed in the same way?

Suppose your Small Span-roofed house put together by the village carpenter—or by yourself and your gardening-man, if you are handy with your tools—how to stock it with fruit-trees, or “subjects,” as the French say? For long-pursed people, the task is easy; their spring-cart will go and fetch as many as they please. The nurseries offer apricots, nectarines, and peaches in pots, at from five shillings to seven-and-sixpence each; extra-large specimens, one guinea; pears, apples, plums, and cherries, at prices ranging from half-a-crown to five shillings each. See the advertisements in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*. But the short-pursed amateur need not despair. He will have to wait a twelvemonth without tasting fruit of his own growing; but, meanwhile, he will enjoy, with Mr. Rivers's instructions, the delightful amusement of training his own trees.

Maiden trees may be bought at the nurseries at from eighteenpence to half-a-crown each. Peach-trees, with patience, may be obtained yet more economically—from the kernel. A seedling peach-tree, raised from the stone of a good sort, such as the Red Magdalen or the Grosse Mignonne, will generally produce an excellent fruit *without being budded*. Therefore, instead of throwing away the stones of peaches that have been eaten at dessert, you will do well to plant them in the ground, to make trees for future Orchard Houses, whether you intend to bud them or not. If more than you want, they can be given away; and a trained pyramidal peach-tree is a present that is likely to become more and more acceptable. For peach-trees, the budding process is performed, first to insure a particular variety of peach; and secondly, to bring the tree sooner into a bearing state. But the pot-culture and the pinching, greatly tend to effect the latter object. If, perchance, the seedling fruit turn out of indifferent quality, the tree may still be budded, or “worked,” as it is called, with an approved sort. But seedling peaches should not be condemned too hastily; the quality, even from old-established trees, varies from year to year, according to the season and the culture. Fruit not properly thinned out, is almost sure to be inferior; and very few amateur gardeners have sufficient self-denial to thin their peaches with due severity.

Fruit-trees in pots are grown either as round-headed bushes or as upright pyramids. You will select the pyramidal or cylindrical shape, as more symmetrical, and allowing you to have more trees in a given space. Mr. Rivers gives a woodcut of a maiden peach-tree in a pot, pruned to form a

close pyramid. You must be a very clumsy pupil if you cannot do this potting and preliminary pruning yourself. Your tree will be from four to five feet high; if more, you will cut off its top to that height. Each lateral shoot should be cut into two buds; these, and the buds in the stem, will, in May, give numerous shoots. As soon as they have made three leaves, pinch off the third leaf with the end of the shoot, leaving two leaves. The pinched shoots will soon put forth a fresh crop: every shoot of this, and of all succeeding crops, must be pinched off to one leaf, as soon as two or three leaves are formed. Sometimes there is a small leaf at the base of the shoot, which is blind, that is, it has no bud in its axil: this must not count for one. If it be desirable to increase the height of the tree, the leading shoot at each pinching may be left with five or six leaves.

This incessant summer pinching of the shoots of a potted tree, in the climate of the Orchard House, and even in a warm situation out of doors, will in one season form a compact, cypress-like tree, crowded with short fruit-spurs. In spring, these, if too crowded, may be thinned out (not shortened) with a sharp penknife, so as to leave them as nearly as possible at regular distances. In summer, the fruit should be thinned, and the shoots pinched in, as directed above, every season. A close fruitful pyramid will thus be formed, on which the fruit will be fully exposed to the sun and air. Pyramidal peach and nectarine trees may be planted in the borders of Orchard Houses with excellent results. They will require the same incessant pinching as potted trees, and must be lifted and replanted annually in October. There can be no escape from this; for if pyramidal peach or nectarine trees are suffered to grow two years in the borders of the Orchard House without being lifted, no pinching or pruning will restrain their excessive vigour.

Although, at the date of this publication, it is too late to plant trees in pots, it is not too late to commence the training of trees now growing in the open ground. These may be potted in October, with a prospect of fruit from them the following season. Little anxiety need be felt by the beginner; for, when a peach-tree has been in a pot in an Orchard House for two years it *will* bear, prune it how you will. Nothing is required but to make the tree symmetrical, well furnished with shoots from the base upward, and to prevent its bearing too bountifully.

If Mr. Rivers have one special pet more than another, it is the apricot-tree as a pyramid, which most charming mode of growing apricots in pots will in a short time, he says, be the *only* method followed. The tree must be formed into a cylinder by pinching; and it is needless to say how beautiful such trees are when studded with their golden fruit. Market-gardeners, wedded to their wall-culture, will do well to cover a few acres of ground with cheap Orchard Houses, and to plant in them pyramidal apricot-trees. These may be suffered to grow from seven or eight to nine feet high. If pinched in incessant

santly, their growth will be so much arrested that they will not require annual lifting, and they will bear abundantly. Covent-garden will then sell cheaply such apricots as have rarely been seen there, and yet yield a fortune to the grower.

What most recommends the Orchard House plan to small market-gardeners is not so much the moderate capital it absorbs, nor the small room it occupies, as the certainty of its results. Apricots will come in nearly at the same season as those on walls, for it must be understood that fruits in thoroughly-ventilated Orchard Houses are not much forwarded, unless the season happens to be very sunny. It is not an *early* but a *certain* crop that must be expected. Peaches and apricots, as at present grown on walls, are a lottery, a speculation, a gambling transaction, in which the grower often draws a blank, and loses his stake. It is rouge et noir, depending, not on the colour of a card, but on a degree of the thermometer. If the mercury descend below the mark, and every blossom is blighted, the gardener's rent must be paid all the same, as well as the wages of his pruners and nailers. The very small market-gardener—he who is just raising himself above the condition of a cottager, whom a reverse might throw back on the Union, to join the rest of the county poor—dares not run the risk of growing nectarines and apricots on walls (even if he had the means of building walls), to have a glut of fruit one year, and not a single kernel for two or three years following. And yet that hard-working, steady, frugal class of men are most deserving of encouragement. It is not enough to *tell* them what *may* be done with Orchard Houses; they must be shown what *is* done. In Belgium the government not only maintains a horticultural establishment for the instruction of small gardeners; it helps distant gardeners in their railway expenses to reach it. A few trips to Sawbridgeworth—or mere visits to any neighbouring gentleman's Orchard Houses—for the instruction of small gardeners only, would not be more difficult to arrange, than pleasure-trains were to the Great Exhibition. Amongst these professional visitors, a few of the most enterprising could hardly fail to be inspired with the desire to put together, say a rude sort of sentry-box, with a glass top and two or three glass sides half way down it, the rest of boards, for the reception of from four to half a dozen pyramidal fruit-trees in pots. When the grand wall-fruit gardener had lost his whole crop from some sharp spell of April frost, the prices that his neighbour, the proprietor of the small glass sentry-box, would realise from the fruit of his half-dozen pyramids would, of all arguments, prove the most eloquent.

The good qualities of the plum are not yet half appreciated. Now for those who wish to grow a regular and certain crop of plums without incurring a heavy expense, Mr. Rivers proposes that rough-built Lean-to Orchard Houses should be erected in some out-of-the-way corner of the premises, consisting of larch poles, rough half-inch boards, with two or three sliding shutters

for ventilation,—in fact, merely a glass-roof shed, on purpose for protecting plum-trees in pots, while in blossom and setting their fruit. It is surprising with what vigour and beauty plum-trees blossom, even in the rudest glass structure; and, as the trees need not remain in the house longer than the end of the first week in June—for then all danger of severe spring frosts is over—they may be placed so close together that a house, twenty feet by twelve, with a path in its centre, will hold ninety-six trees, forty-eight on each border. As a matter of course, the very late plums must be ripened under glass; but all those varieties that ripen in the open air, before the end of September, may be thus grown to great perfection, and regular annual crops insured, if care be taken to thin the fruit properly. It is quite astonishing how prolific these bushes become in a few years, and, by merely pinching off the ends of exuberant shoots—which should be done about the end of June—to within three or four inches of their bases, they soon form themselves into compact round-headed trees, quite as ornamental as orange-trees in pots and tubs, and far more useful.

The service which Orchard Houses are capable of rendering to small market-gardeners, is a point that deserves to be strongly insisted on. To horticulturists at all raised above the middle class, whether professionally or by their own private means, their utility is as clear as the utility of rain and sunshine. Unfortunately, the cottage gardener has no capital to invest in building or in buying fancy trees; but, fortunately, he can help himself in this matter. A smart, symmetrical show house is not what he wants, but a gardening workshop, a rough outhouse for the manufacture of flowers, leaves, and fruit. At sales of old materials he will meet with boards and glass for a trifle; and if he cannot scrape a few shillings together for the purchase of maiden trees, why then he must bud them himself. It is only a question of time, and in other walks of life people are obliged to exercise patience to attain their ends. The cottager who can make a profit by the careful management of bees is just the sort of person to derive the same benefit from a homely Orchard House; and he is likely to make as much by the sale of trained trees as of fruit, because the demand for such trees must be steadily on the increase, and they cannot be created suddenly at word of command, like so many thousand sovereigns ordered at the Mint. The grand thing, now, is to show the cottager good samples of the article he has to produce. It is a pity that handsome pot trees in full fruit would suffer too much from the shaking of a cart to be sent as models to village horticultural exhibitions. To remedy the difficulty, the possessors of Orchard Houses must invite inspection as much as possible. Perhaps, too, Mr. Rivers will publish a cheaper edition of his useful book.

It will be seen that, as yet, Orchard House culture is only in its infancy. We may predict that it will carry into high northern latitudes, fresh fruits which will not bear carriage, now rarely brought to table there. The

inhabitants of the Orkney and the Shetland Isles may gratify their palates with unknown savours, and delight their eyes with unwonted forms of vegetation. What would be more ornamental than an apricot-tree in fruit, or a pyramidal peach in blossom, to decorate a dessert in the Hebrides? In the extreme north of Scotland even, forest-trees beg for an Orchard House to shelter them. In Caithness there is, or was, a plantation of ash-trees beside a long low wall. The trees, of several years' growth, were dwarfs, constantly pinched in by the wind. They were exactly as tall as the wall—not an inch higher. They were suddenly stopped, as if by an invisible roof, or as if clipped by shears. The wind was the agent. Put a Lean-to Orchard House against that wall, and, instead of ash-trees, plums and pears would thrive.

THE NORSEMAN.

A SWARTHY strength, with face of light,
As dark sword-iron is beaten bright;
A brave frank look, with health aglow,
Bonny blue eyes and open brow;
A man who will face to his last breath
The sternest facts of life and death;
His friend he welcomes heart-in-hand,
But foot to foot his foe must stand:
This is the daring Norseman.

The wild wave-motion, weird and strange,
Rocks in him: seaward he must range.
His life is just a mighty lust
To wear away with use, not rust.
Though bitter wintry cold the storm,
The fire within him keeps him warm.
Kings quiver at his flag unfurled:
The sea-king's master of the world:
For conquering comes the Norseman.

He hides, at heart of his rough life,
A world of sweetness for the wife;
From his rude breast a babe can press
Soft milk of human tenderness,
Make his eyes water, his heart dance,
And sunrise in his countenance;
In merry mood his ale he quaffs
By firelight, and his blithe heart laughs,
The mild great-hearted Norseman.

But when the battle-trumpet rings,
His soul's a war-horse clad with wings!
He drinks delight in with the breath
Of battle and the dust of death!
The axes redden, spring the sparks,
Blood-radiant grow the grey mail-sarks:
Such blows might batter, as they fell,
Heaven's gates, or burst the booms of hell:
So fights the fearless Norseman.

Valiant and true, as Sagas tell,
The Norsemen bated lies like hell;
Hardy from cradle to the grave,
'Twas their religion to be brave;
Great silent fighting men, whose words
Were few, soon said, and out with swords!
One, saw his heart cut from his side,
Living—and smiled, and smiling, died!
The unconquerable Norseman.

They swam the flood, they strode in flame,
Nor quailed when the Valkyrie came
To kiss the chosen for her charms,
With "Rest, my hero, in mine arms."

Their spirits through a grim wide wound,
The Norse doorway to Heaven found,
And borne upon the battle-blast,
Into the Hall of Heroes passed:

And there was crowned the Norseman.

The Norseman wrestled with old Rome
For freedom in our island home:
He taught us how to ride the sea,
With hempen bridle, horse of tree.
The Norseman stood with Robin Hood,
By freedom in the merry green wood;
When William ruled the English land,
With cruel heart and bloody hand:

For freedom fights the Norseman.

Still in our race the Norse king reigns,
His best blood beats along our veins;
With his old glory we can glow,
And surely sail where he could row.
Is danger stirring? Up from sleep
Our war-dog wakes, his watch to keep;
Stands with our banner over him,
True as of old, and stern and grim:

Come on, you'll find the Norseman.

When swords are gleaming you shall see
The Norseman's face flash gloriously,
With look that makes the foeman reel:
His mirror from of old was steel.
And still he wields, in battle's hour,
That old Thor's hammer of Norse power;
Strikes with a desperate arm of might,
And at the last tug turns the fight:
For never yields the Norseman.

THE GREAT PUGILISTIC REVIVAL.

THERE was a period, not more than some six months ago, when most of us thought we could never publicly state that we had seen a prize-fight. We had some notion that the "Ring" was dead; and that its ropes and stakes had never been properly disinterred since their burial, some years back, at Mousley Hurst. We had some notion that its exhibitions were illegal, and that its professors were compelled to live upon the traditions of the past, and bite their moth-eaten boxing-gloves in pugilistic bar-parlours. It is probable that we did not regard these professors as a down-trodden race, because we considered them at war with our present civilisation. We looked upon them as melancholy relics of a departed fashion—as men who persisted in supplying an article that the public no longer called for or desired. The present writer, for one, set them down, in his notes for a great history of England, as having practically gone out with watchmen, oil-lamps, and stage-coaches.

During the last five years, however, the World (meaning, of course, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland) has witnessed many full-blown revivals, and, last among them and not least, a thorough revival of Pugilism. There has seldom been any demonstration so sudden, so successful, and so complete. I have seen the late contest between the immortal Sayers and the immortal Heenan, apologetically described as an "exceptional event." The journalist was timid, and was

feeling his way. I have also noticed a little shyness on the part of certain distinguished spectators of the battle, who gave the Ring the sanction of their presence, but not the sanction of their names. A few more of these exceptional events may dispel all such mock modesty.

From the first moment when the late exceptional event—the international prize-fight—began to assume the aspect of a great and coming fact, there was the shallowest possible attempt on all sides to keep up appearances. People remarked very mildly that such disgraceful spectacles ought to be stopped, and immediately staked two to one that the Englishman would beat the American. A member or two in the House of Commons tamely asked the Home Secretary what he intended to do, and his reply was generally to the effect that he would try to keep up appearances. The powers of the metropolitan police were put in force, and they kept up appearances by pushing the training combatants into the country. Local constabulary forces, finding that they also were expected to behave with superficial decency, hunted the American (not very chivalrously, seeing that they might have hunted the Englishman), until he was bound over to keep the peace, with two sureties, to the extent of a hundred pounds. That extremely useful end attained, they retired, like good men who had thoroughly done their duty in keeping up appearances.

After conference with my friend the Conductor of this Journal, I received his encouragement personally to let down these same appearances, and to go to the fight, and to avow in these pages that I had done so. This was my commission.

When I went out into the frosty air, instead of going comfortably to bed, about one o'clock A.M. on Tuesday morning, the seventeenth of April, I held a railway-ticket in my hand, that was printed to keep up appearances. A journey from London-bridge to nowhere and back, by a special four o'clock train, was all that I was guaranteed by this slip of cardboard, in return for the sum of three pounds sterling. For all this seeming mystery, the railway company knew that I knew I was going to the great prize-fight; the policeman who saw me close my street door at that unseemly hour knew that I was going to the great prize-fight; the cabman who drove me to my destination was bursting with intelligence of the great prize-fight; and the crowd who assembled round the railway station were either going with me to the great prize-fight, or had come to see me go to the great prize-fight. There was an affectation of secrecy about the movements of some of the travellers, a reflexion of the many eye-winkings they must have seen for the last few days; and there was an affectation of caution on the part of the railway company in dividing the passengers, and admitting them simultaneously at different entrances. These passengers moved silently along the passages, and across the platforms, as if they were trespassers upon the company's property, who had

stolen in while the directors were asleep, and were about to run away with the rolling stock, with the connivance of a small number of the railway officers. The anxious, threatening glances that were cast upon unknown people, and the many whispered inquiries as to who was, or who was not, a detective policeman, gave a very pretty burglarious tone to the whole station for at least an hour before daybreak. The farce was extremely well-acted, and appearances were carefully kept up to the last. The favoured railway had been known for months (it was the first that was ever mentioned in connexion with the fight); the very spot upon which the battle was to take place had been confided to hundreds for days; and the morning, the hour, and the point of departure, had been openly sold like any commodity in the market. It was all a preposterous keeping up of appearances. The fact is, there was no public desire ever manifested to stop the contest, but a very strong desire to hear that it had been fairly fought out. In the face of such a feeling the law was paralysed; its function not being to make a whole people more virtuous than they really are. The nation has no logical complaint against the law for standing still on this occasion, but only for its ridiculous pretence of being constantly on the alert.

There were never, perhaps, so many passengers assembled on a railway platform, who knew and addressed each other by familiar Christian names. The whole train might have been taken for a grand village excursion, but for those unmistakable faces that rested in the folds of the carriage cushions, under the dim light of the carriage lamps. The small eyes and heads, the heavy jaws, and the high cheek-bones, were hung out, like candid signboards, to mark the members of the fighting-trade. The two or three hundred Americans, and the small sprinkling of aristocracy and visitors, were not sufficient to modify, in any perceptible degree, the thoroughly animal character of the train.

I obtained a seat in a rather overloaded double compartment of a second-class carriage. Behind me were a live lord, a live baronet, a member of Parliament, the very gentlemanly editor of a distinguished sporting paper which has always done its utmost in the cause of fair-play and honest dealing, an aristocratic Scotchman, a clergyman of the Church of England, and a renowned poet of the tender passions. By the side of me was a young, cheerful, round-faced Australian settler, who had travelled fifteen thousand miles to see the fight, and to transact a little business of minor importance. His dress was light, his manner self-reliant, and he looked the kind of man to go round the world unencumbered with luggage, with a cigar in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets. Opposite this passenger was a mild, long-faced, blinking gentleman, of Jewish aspect, who talked very fluently, and seemed to know all the minor deities of the ring. By his side was a drowsy and ragged member of the fighting craft, whose prospects seemed blighted, and whose scalp had been taken by

the immortal Sayers in a battle some eight years before.

The labour of keeping up the conversation in the carriage, rested chiefly upon the Australian settler and the talkative Jew. The aristocracy seemed shy. They were diffident, perhaps, of their sporting knowledge, or were sleepy from having been up all night.

"I saw a good fight in Melbourne," said the Australian, "about a week afore I left."

"Did you?" returned the talkative Jew.

"There's a fortune there," said the Australian, confidently, "for any man about eight stun nine."

The drowsy fighting-man, with blighted prospects, slowly opened one eye.

"There's no good man there," continued the Australian, "under nine stun."

"How about Fibbing Billy?" asked the talkative Jew.

"Used up."

"Joss Humphrey?"

"Bounceable: wants it taken out of him. Fights at ten stun; gives any man a stun, but won't strip for less than a thousand pounds."

"What name?" asked the blighted prize-fighter, this time opening both eyes, and becoming languidly interested in the conversation.

"Joss Humphrey," answered the Australian settler.

"Ah!" returned the blighted prize-fighter, relapsing into drowsiness. Australia seemed a long way off, and capital did not appear to be forthcoming. It was an opening for a smart, active young man, but he was not in a position to avail himself of it.

"Nick Muffles could tackle him," remarked the talkative Jew, addressing himself, almost confidentially, to the blighted prize-fighter.

"Ye-s," was the drawing answer, finished off with a yawn.

"Nick's clever," said the Jew.

"Ah!" returned the prize-fighter.

"Ain't he artful?"

"Ah!"

"Don't he get away?"

"And keep away!"

"But ain't it smart?"

"Ah!"

After this favourable review of their absent friends' fighting qualities, the blighted prize-fighter made a few observations in praise of Nature before he again closed his eyes. He seemed to be an admirer of daybreak, and a lover of gardens. The Australian kept up the conversation with the Jew by inquiring after many old prize-fighters whom he had known before he emigrated. Some were dead, some had thrived, some had disappeared. They were all asked after by affectionate Christian names, like many actors, and most comic singers. The pugilistic profession seems never to have had more than two "Misters" in its ranks; the late ex-champion, "Mr." Gulley, M.P. for Pontefract; and the late ex-champion, "Mr." Jackson, teacher of boxing, and one of the coronation pages to King George the Fourth.

As our journey continued through Kent, and into Surrey, we were amused by seeing many official scarecrows, keeping up appearances by being posted along the line. A few blue-nosed policemen at the stations; four other shivering policemen under a clump of trees; a few galloping police officers, taking equestrian exercise on the coach-road below; represented the winking majesty of the law. Their faces showed the make-believe character of their opposition to the exceptional event.

When, after a journey of two hours, we were set down at the Farnborough station, it struck me that no more appropriate fighting-ground could have been chosen throughout England. We were near the great military camp of Aldershot—a place where thirty thousand warriors are always studying how best to kill and to destroy. They belong to a great European prize-fighting association, which boasts of some three millions of active members; by the side of whom the puny company of professed pugilists sink into contempt.

The appearance of our train, and of the passengers who hurriedly alighted from it, was a signal to some of the scared farmers to barricade their dwellings. They knew that fifteen hundred people might prove a dangerous invading army, pushed along as they had been by the strong metropolitan authorities into the feeble arms of the local police.

A muddy tramp over half a mile of marshy meadow land, where we had to jump over small ditches, and struggle through hedges, brought us, at last, to the field selected for the battle. The stakes were driven in with wooden mallets, and the ropes were adjusted by a veteran prize-fighter, about seventy years old—a sage of a hoary and venerable aspect. Around the ring, when formed, we ranged ourselves in a very eager, selfish, noisy, expectant, brutal mob. There was no one man there who could say I am more refined than my neighbour. For the time being we were all equal, and our country was anxiously waiting behind us to read an account of everything we were about to see. There were dukes, lords, marquises, clergymen, actors, singers, managers, authors, reporters, painters, and poets, mixed with plain country gentlemen, military officers, legislators, lawyers, barristers, merchants, card-sharps, fathers of families who brought their sons, thieves, fighting-men, trainers, horse-dealers, doctors, publicans, contractors, feather-weights, light-weights, middle-weights, heavy-weights, Americans of all classes, Irishmen of several classes, and Scotchmen also. Scarcely an art, a profession, or a class was unrepresented. Later in the morning, when the country was aroused, we had farm labourers, women, country girls, and little children, a few policemen—still keeping up appearances—and a country idiot, with helpless hands and feeble legs and gaping mouth, who was the only innocent, irresponsible spectator of the fight. A number of active visitors swarmed up the slender trees which surrounded the meadow, whence they looked down upon the ring, like

staring and grinning apes. There was even a timid old gentleman present who, rather than stay away, had hired two professional fighting-men to protect him.

When the immortal Sayers stepped into the ring, at about seven o'clock in the morning, he was received, like a popular performer, with a round of applause. His immortal face was a deep sallow brown, and looked like a square block of walnut wood. His expression was even a little more strongly marked for pugilism than that of most of his craft. He was slightly nervous upon facing the company.

His opponent, the immortal Heenan, next entered the ring, to be received with quite as much enthusiasm as the English champion. He looked much fairer than Sayers in the face, and was equally nervous. His portraits had flattered him in the eyes of the British public. There are two styles of nose which all prize-fighters must be content to select from—one, presenting a flat, triangular appearance: the other, indented near the tip, and slightly turned up, so that you could hang a key upon it. The immortal Heenan had a moderate nose of the last pattern.

The two immortal men shook hands, and seemed to inquire cordially after each other's health: which was the signal for another round of applause. They eyed each other curiously and reflectively, as they had never met before.

The ring-keepers—some twenty selected pugilists with long sticks, of whom some were afterwards disgraced for grossly neglecting their duty—were now very busy in arranging the visitors: causing those in front, who had purchased inner-ring tickets, at ten shillings each, for the benefit of the P.B.A. (Prize-fighters' Benevolent Association), to sit down upon the wet turf, their railway rugs, or camp-stools that were selling at a sovereign apiece. One indefatigable caterer openly lamented the loss of a ten-pound note, through his not having brought down a few boxes for gentlemen to stand upon. The country people seemed to make little harvest of the general excitement, except in the sale of oranges. The thieves were very busy, and the Americans were their greatest victims. The picking of pockets, however, is no more peculiar to the prize-ring than to popular chapels.

Rounds of applause were very freely bestowed at every opportunity. There was one when the immortal Sayers took off his coat and shirt; there was another when the immortal Heenan did the like; there was a tremendous burst of satisfaction when the two men, in full fighting order, stripped to the waist, and advanced towards the "scratch" in the centre of the ring. They looked firm, muscular, and cheerful, the result of their training; but the constitution is not improved by these violent changes from indulgence and idleness, to temperance and enforced exercise. Consumption and dropsy are common amongst professional pugilists, and sometimes the two diseases combine. Everything in training is sacrificed to showy muscle and wind.

There was a ceremony of tying the combatants' colours—two gaudy pocket-handkerchiefs—to the stakes; there was another ceremony of shaking hands between seconds and champions; there was another ceremony of tossing for choice of "corners," or position in the ring. There were almost as many ceremonies as at a Coronation. Everything was conducted according to certain forms and rules, almost superstitiously observed.

The choice of the corner was won by the American, and he took his place. His back was to the sun—a bright, glaring sun—and his ground was slightly higher than that of his adversary. In stature he is six feet one and a half inch high; and besides being five inches taller than Sayers, he is, of course, heavier, and eight years younger.

The two immortal heroes of the hour stood up before each other in the most approved attitudes. Their left sides were advanced; their right arms were laid across their chests; their left arms were thrown out and drawn back, like the pawing leg of a horse. Their visitors watched every movement, for the present, in breathless silence; while their seconds peered at them from opposite corners, like wicket-keepers in a cricket-field. There was a forced laugh on each champion's face, that was meant to be agreeable. Their left feet kept tapping the ground, in a kind of dancing step; their heads were frequently thrown back, or bobbed down; and they skipped from side to side after aiming or parrying a blow. At last the first stage in the fight was reached, amidst uproarious applause; the immortal Sayers had succeeded in drawing "first blood" from his antagonist.

These movements were repeated with such slight variation, that pugilism, like most games of skill, must be pronounced monotonous. It was some little time before the next great stage in the battle was reached, and the first knock-down blow was received by the Englishman.

The excitement round the ring now began to break out, and hoarse shouts were exchanged from each side. Enormous sums of money were loudly offered, by rough and shabby-looking people, upon either champion, and aristocratic eyes stared intensely through many eye-glasses. Unruly visitors leaped up from the grass, and danced wildly near the ropes: while the ring-keepers applied their sticks, without stint or favour, to the visitors' heads and shoulders. The same movements were repeated, again and again, by the champions, with pretty nearly the same results. The immortal Sayers was knocked down at least twenty times by the immortal Heenan, or fell, humouring his blows. The turf was soft, and he had to counterbalance his many disadvantages by "science," or careful tactics. He was always picked up by his seconds in the most affectionate manner, and carried to his corner, like a Guy Fawkes, to be sponged.

An hour soon passed in this way, without any signs of the battle drawing to a conclusion. The immortal Sayers's face, with the sun full upon it, was like a battered copper tea-kettle;

his right arm was stiff and helpless; and he was freely spitting blood. The immortal Heenan's right eye was closed-up with a huge lump of blue flesh, produced by the Englishman's well-directed and determined blows; his upper lip, too, was puffed out, as if there were six rows of gums and teeth behind it. When Sayers gave a telling hit, he stopped, and looked inquisitively at his adversary, to see what damage he had done; and after Heenan had knocked his opponent down, he turned to his seconds, threw up both his arms, and opened his swollen mouth in a gasping manner.

The excitement was now at its height; and a constant roar of voices was kept up round the ring. People at the back made desperate attempts to mount the shoulders of those in front. Nervous betting men, with heavy stakes upon the contest, got out of the crowd, and walked about the meadow. The wind hissed through the trees, and the hundreds who clung to the bending branches shouted loudly for each combatant, according to the tide of battle. A few county policemen came upon the field, to keep up appearances, and, when they timidly ventured to push into the ring, were quietly hustled on one side by the savage spectators. A few oaths were heard, but not many; the pale faces round the inner circle became paler, the compressed lips more compressed; bets of various amounts were still loudly offered, and loudly taken; outsiders leaped up and down with ceaseless activity; the smacking blows of the combatants were heard, and their visible effect was described to excited inquirers, and the news passed from mouth to mouth; opinions fluctuated; the Englishman was abused or praised, so was the American; the referee was nearly smothered; and the only men who really seemed to retain calmness were the two combatants, their seconds, and the leading prize-fighters present. When, at the end of two hours, and in the thirty-seventh round, the American got the neck of the Englishman across the rope, it was not the fault of the general multitude that murder was not presented to them as a crowning treat for their money. The American was requested to "hold him" by a thousand voices on the ground, and in the trees; but at the height of the uproar the ring was broken, the referee was forced out of his place, and all became wild confusion. This is no new ending to such a contest. The referee was the editor already referred to, who for years has done as much as a gentleman in resolute earnest could, to imbue these men with principles of honour, justice, and self-restraint. Surely there is something wrong, after all, in the "Noble Art" when he is set at naught when most needed, and when the well-conducted men among the pugilists cannot rely upon their own brethren to preserve a clear stage and no favour, but are forced to the declaration (as they have been in this case) that even the men of their careful selection are not to be trusted with the limited responsibility of keeping the Ring.

This fight has been declared "a draw," and a

draw it certainly was in every sense of the word. It drew hundreds of people from many parts of the globe; it drew thousands from their beds; it drew four or five thousand pounds sterling for a special railway train, one half of which sum will be divided, by arrangement, between the two men. It drew all England from its usual business engagements about mid-day, on the memorable Tuesday, the 17th of April, 1860. It drew thirty-five bales, containing two tons of newspapers (the largest number ever shipped aboard one ship), to America, at the earliest possible moment. It drew several distinguished mercantile bodies into subscribing testimonials for the English champion; it drew uncountable numbers of people into supporting a great pugilistic revival.

It has been my misfortune to see many chance fights of a determined character—one particularly between two navigators in a sewer—and though there was less "science" about them, less (as one may say) of the ring dancing-master, there was more real "punishment." I find it difficult to reconcile the appearance of both Sayers and Heenan, the day after the fight, with the accounts that were printed of the awful character of the battle. There must surely be a little exaggeration somewhere—perhaps everywhere?

Think what the unconscious exaggeration floating about, is likely to be, when the exaggeration of wild sentiment on this subject gets Stock Exchanges, and Mercantile Exchanges, and Heaven knows what agglomerations of sensible and sober men together, to receive the immortal Sayers with high public distinction, and shower money on him. I do not doubt that the sturdy and bold champion of England is a thoroughly good fellow in his way and in his place; I am very far from taking on myself to assert that, within those limits, he has not his honest uses; but I cannot forbear asking now, after a pause of a few weeks, when there has been time to cool, whether this great pugilistic Revival, in this extravagant aspect, is not a new and noteworthy instance of a great moral epidemic? Is it not well that we should turn it to advantage by so accounting and remembering it? Then, when we observe in another country not our own, the next strange contagion that may seize it, we shall be more tolerant thereof. Then, when some new frenzy sets in here, we shall not fall to tearing one another to pieces about it, or to wresting Heaven and Earth out of shape to account for it, but shall say "it is a fever—an infection—will soon expend its force as a disease, and go the moral way of the two immortal prize-fighters."

To keep up appearances is a constant British effort. In the keeping up of appearances concerning this fight, the thing has been reduced to a point so transparently absurd and hypocritical, that the force of Humbug can go no further. Will any member of Parliament, who was at the fight, be so exemplary, therefore, as to "back his opinions," like a man and a Briton? Will he protest against the professors and amateurs of pugilism being steamed down a railway and

hunted over ploughed fields to form a ring, merely for the formal exhibition of a scarecrow law? Will he give notice of a motion for enabling himself and me to see the next fight, in some commodious public building in London hired for the occasion, surrounded by every convenience and every comfortable appliance?

BURIED ABOVE-GROUND.

GENERALLY speaking, Mr. Murray is a very trustworthy guide. At all events, he inspires British tourists with a furor for seeing, and a taste for appreciating works of art and wonders of nature, for climbing mountains, and traversing glaciers, which is highly commendable, and creditable to their character as Englishmen. But there are still a few unknown recesses, which are revealed only to the earnest art-student, the curious antiquarian, or the favoured child of chance and adventure. Many of these choice nooks are yet to be found in the old historic towns of Flanders. There is a quaint old fountain up that dingy alley, a strange old sign upon yonder Spanish-built house, and thereto hangs a tale of genius, or crime, or heroism, or a romance of love, that may be gathered from the lips of the aged woman who sits at her spinning beneath it.

At one end of a certain lace-making town in Flanders aforesaid, and spanning one of the principal streets of that town, stands a port-cullised gateway, flanked by two picturesque pointed towers, grey, sombre, and massive, a relic of the old feudal times. One longs for a man-at-arms, with halberd and cuirass, instead of the shako'd grenadier who paces up and down beneath its shadow.

The arch is narrow and deep. A waggon of hay, with its two fat amiable-looking Flemish horses, I once saw standing beneath it, sheltered from the rain, which a thunder-cloud was pelting down. I was resting there myself, and wondering how long it would take the bright gleam, which dazzled the eye in the direction of Brussels, to pass across the plain, and burst upon the town of lace. The thunder rattled overhead, like a discharge of arms, and there seemed no hope of a clear sky. I was resolving to make a rush for my hotel up the splashy street, when my glance rested on a wooden door in the side of the arch, with "Atelier" in somewhat rude characters chalked upon it. My curiosity was excited. I squeezed by the waggon, opened the door, and entered.

I found myself in a low crypt. Nothing but a wooden staircase rewarded my scrutiny. This I mounted, and emerged into a large stone chamber, apparently extending the whole length of the arch and two side towers. The walls were of vast thickness, and the roof crystal, like that of the chamber below. Suddenly I heard steps, and a boy came rapidly down some stairs from above. I asked him where I was, and he said, "In the studio." I feared that I was trespassing, but the amiable youth said that the genius of the place would be glad to see me.

So up I climbed, eager to discover what manner of man inhabited this gloomy pile. I passed into another chamber, similar to the one I had left below; no sign of life from an owl to a reasonable soul with human flesh subsisting! Suddenly some dark steps, leading in the direction of one of the side towers, caught my eye. I mounted, and pushed open a massive door, that creaked and screamed upon its old hinges. It sounded like a chorus of goblins. I expected to come upon a troop of them dancing a war-dance, or playing pitch and toss with their own heads, and thought of Tam O'Shanter. But the goblins turned into busts and statues, plasters, casts, and marbles, Cupids and Madonnas, and pure flesh and blood, in the shape of a short, thick-set man, in blouse, red fez, and slippers, with iron-grey hair and profusion of beard and moustache, who stood gazing quietly at me with bright, piercing eyes.

With the uncomfortable bashfulness of a trespasser who feels that he has no business at all to be where he is, I stood irresolute whether to advance or turn and fly. The frank welcome of the solitary being in a moment placed me at my ease. He begged me to enter, and began at once to draw my attention to the various objects of art grouped around, and seemed to evince no small gratification in exhibiting his chefs-d'œuvre.

The studio was crowded on all sides with busts and models; here a wooden figure with movable joints, to indicate the various postures of the body and movements of the limbs; here a plaster-cast with rags depending from it, to serve as a model for the arrangement of drapery; here copies and casts from the life; groups in every stage of development; silent, still forms, fit inhabitants of this silent tower. I have often since pictured the grey-bearded sculptor sitting in the midst of his silent company in the lonely old pile.

Once upon a time, every old nook had its alchemist, its philosopher, its star-gazer, its wizard. Now we are too bustling and practical for such pursuits. Commerce is too unromantic to bear them. Every old arch, or nook and corner, however ghostly and rich in associations, is converted into a cellar or a warehouse. If the old Flemish sculptor lives long enough to see trade billet its conquering and swarming myrmidons in the dull, drowsy, lace-making town, a thousand to one he will have to evacuate, and his tower will become the dépôt of a brewer, or a photographic establishment.

After I had examined the beauties of the studio, he led the way nimbly up some rickety ladders, which total darkness, and ignorance of the locality, rendered extremely painful to mount. I could hear his steps rattling above my head as I slowly crawled up, occasionally knocking it against a beam, or squeezing through a hole in the rafters. I seemed in a perfect wilderness of ladders, all so old and infirm, that I feared the whole system would fall to pieces with our weight. Suddenly a stream of light poured down upon us, and we stood, directly, in a small

round chamber, with conical roof, the summit evidently of one of the flank towers. Round apertures had been cut in the sides and filled with glass, through which views of the surrounding country could be obtained in every direction. A bench had been constructed so as to command the finest prospect. Here my host would sit for hours of an evening, after his day's toil, puffing his long pipe, and watching the sun setting over the fair cities of Flanders. It was a grand sight. A wide, endless expanse of plain, as far as the eye could reach. Louvain and Brussels lay just below me; while Ghent, Bruges, Antwerp, and many another distant old township, broke the horizon with its cluster of spires and towers, or sparkled in the watery sunshine, with its white houses and bright red roofs. I could have stayed long to enjoy the scene, and the thoughts suggested, and recollections stirred up by each variation of it, but I feared to exhaust the patience of my strange conductor. We descended, and he led me down to the second cryptal chamber that I had entered on my voyage of discovery. One end was separated from the rest by a plaster wall. He pushed open the door, and I found myself in an octagonal room, old and gloomy, but crowded with rich and quaint furniture. On the left of the door stood a dark oaken bookcase, devoted solely to English literature. My eye ran quickly from shelf to shelf, lighting upon the names of our best British authors, ranged chronologically, from Ben Jonson to Macaulay. The sculptor smiled at my expression of astonishment as I entered the room, and at once proceeded to initiate me into the mysteries thereof. He was singularly silent; what little he said was in French. I tried to elicit some of the facts of his own history, but he quietly changed the subject. A tall cabinet next arrested my attention. It was fitted, from carpet to cornice, with drawers, each containing choice specimens of conchology. Almost touching this stood a second bookcase, rich with the best and rarest French works; then a cabinet of geological specimens. Bookcases and cabinets entirely encircled the room, ranged alternately. We next examined a library of Italian authors; then a cabinet of various kinds of wood, polished and unpolished, and still another bookcase, the sacred repository of classical lore. He took thence quaint editions of Horace, Virgil, and Homer, and wondrous old MSS. that he had picked up in by-lanes in the Italian cities.

I found myself, at this moment, standing opposite the fireplace, one of those huge caverns that the old Flemings loved to dedicate to Vulcan. The iron ring, which many an old soldier had doubtless held while warming his feet at the great fire, still depended from the mantelpiece.

A large oaken chest next demanded inspection. It stood against the wall, reaching half way to the roof. It had evidently been used once as an ammunition chest. The ingenuity of the sculptor had converted it into a receptacle of rare prints, which he had collected from various parts of the

world. Next came a bookcase of German works; then a cabinet of chemical preparations; then another bookcase, containing Dutch and Flemish authors; a cabinet of mineralogy; a bookcase dedicated to "Les Beaux Arts;" a cabinet of *aérolites*. I sat down in a deep window, upon leopard skins, almost fatigued with the tour of observation, but astounded at the richness and universality of the artist's collection.

"What have you *not* got?" said I.

"A wife," he answered. "But I'm wedded to my old tower and my books and my chisel instead."

I asked if he had always lived in the tower. He said that he had passed many years in Italy, that he had visited every country in Europe but England. "Then do you understand English?" I inquired. "Thoroughly, to read, but not to speak." He immediately snatched down a large volume, and displayed to my astonished gaze the Prize Catalogue of the Exhibition of 1851. He opened it, and pointed to the centre of a page. I stooped, and read my host's name in the list of honour; and as I looked up, he held the medal in his hand, and smiled with almost childlike pleasure and simplicity as he showed me the little bauble.

There were various other curiosities challenging attention, but I could not prolong my visit. As I pressed the hand of the lonely being, and hurried from his quaint abode, a confused image of bookcases, cabinets, oak-chests, pictures, skins, skeletons, musical instruments, statues, and old clothes flitted before my brain. When I stood in the street below, and saw men with modern coats and hats, women with bonnets, and a pretty English girl with erloline and plumed hat passing along, I almost doubted my identity, and felt as I should fancy one of the old knights, who repose with folded arms in the Temple Church, would feel were he suddenly to awake when the men and women of A.D. 1860 are passing in to service.

Certainly, this lonely artist is no being of the modern day. He has no sympathy with it. He is but little known in the lace-making town. Scarcely a soul visits him from end to end of the year. He seldom leaves his grim old haunt. He wanders up and down the staircases and ladders, and sits contemplating the world from the top of his tower. If he needs companions, he has them in his books, and in his dumb creatures of stone and marble. They never tell tales, they never change; those that smile now do not frown to-morrow. They never die, the young among them are ever young, the beautiful among them ever beautiful. The child of his fancy, too, he can mould and chisel to his will, daily and hourly; there is no rebellious heart to conquer, no fierce passion to restrain, no ingratitude to disappoint and sour him. He sees it surely and steadily growing beneath his care, until at last it stands before him a spotless model.

The sculptor is an accomplished man. The tongue of no European people is strange to his

ear. Most languages seem native to him. Music he delights in, nor is his skill in performing contemptible. Literature is at once the necessary and the luxury of his life. Art he lives for. Solitude is the atmosphere he breathes. There are few more interesting spots in my memory than the old tower (herein faithfully drawn) in the old lace-making town in fair old Flanders.

OUR EYE-WITNESS AND A SALAMANDER.

As he pays his money at the gate of the London Zoological Gardens, the visitor who has retained that freshness which is one of the greatest of earthly blessings, is irresistibly taken back to his old childish days. The click of the turnstile that admits him, seems to have snipped a score of years off his life, and, already sniffing from afar that faint musty odour of exaggerated mousiness which pervades the place, he feels that he is returning to the days of lessons and holidays, of a coercion whose strongest restrictions were liberty itself to the restraints of later life, and that he has entered a region of wonder and delight, of lions, tigers, bears—and buns. Have we not, all, some cherished memory of L for lion in the spelling-book, illustrated by a small woodcut of an animal with a human profile like that on a George the Third shilling? The single huge dab of yellow, which covered much more of the spelling-book than it did of the lion, was executed, if the reader remembers, with a fine hand, and gives one the idea that five thousand spelling-books were ranged in order before the artist, open at L, that five thousand yellow dabs were all done in a twinkling while the brush was wet, and that then the green brush was similarly called into play, to decorate that bush which is the only object that breaks the sandy desert on which the king of beasts is standing. Have we forgotten, either, T for tiger, or W for the wolf that killed Red Riding-Hood?

Let us own, now we are grown up, that we are all unanimous on one subject—that we are all agreed that T for tiger should never *sit down*. He may lie down in any attitude he likes, he will never do so in an ugly one. He may sprawl about to his heart's content. He may stand, walk, or raise himself on his hind-legs, as much as he chooses; but when he sits down, he looks like an ass, and the spectator loses all respect for him. It is probable that T for tiger has never been represented by a nobler specimen than the larger of the two now exhibited in the gardens of the Zoological Society, but when your Eye-witness saw him sitting down on his bed like a cat, and yawning, he felt that the magnificence of the beast was not proof against the effect of such behaviour, and that T for tiger was forgetting himself. Your servant would seriously advise the noble Society of Zoology to have a word with this member of their company, who is really making himself too cheap. Not only does he insist on sitting down and looking cheerfully,

and with levity, about him, as a cat will look after summer flies, but your servant would also call the attention of the society to the fact that this animal is in the habit of performing, on the near approach of his dinner-hour, a maniac dance, jumping over his companion's back, and his companion over him, in a frantic sidelong leap-frog of anticipation, executed with incredible rapidity for a quarter of an hour before the victuals reach him. T for tiger is losing himself by this conduct, and unless he takes this word of advice from a friend, will gradually fall into contempt.

It is a wretched life for that Nubian lion who is always looking off into that little bit of distance which is open to him at the end of the terrace; it is a wretched life for him, and indeed for all these beasts, to have nothing to look forward to but their meat all the day long. No adventure, no change of scene, no soft sand, no shady trees. There is a whole bookful of testimony to the ennui of such a life in that wild look "off" of the lion as he stands erect in his strength. The same exploring glance into the furthest distance within range is observable, too, in his neighbour the tiger, who, that he may get a yet greater extent of the Regent's Park within view, will raise himself to an enormous height on his hind-legs, propping himself with his forelegs against the bars of his cage, and seeming to stretch almost over one's head in a great arch of animal beauty.

It is only in the noblest animals that this straining of the eyes into the distance is noticeable. You will not see it in the bear, or the wolf, or the hyæna, and one feels, therefore, the less for their captivity. These baser brutes either stupidly assent to their imprisonment, objecting to it with but a sullen resistance, as is the case with the bears, or fret and fuss under it without dignity, as the vile hyæna or the meanly trotting wolf. But the lion looks out into such distance as is within his ken, as the great feline group, and one other race to be presently noted, alone *can* look. Indeed, it is no poetical fiction, no concession to conventionality, to call this creature the King of Beasts. His dignity is too great to allow him to complain of that which he cannot help. He does not quarrel with his bars, but his life is one long protest against them. You have outwitted him, you have, by superior numbers and by cunning, entrapped and caught him, but he has lost nothing of his royalty by it. Lying down in weariness—but not fatigue—pacing backwards and forwards, or, as has just been said, standing erect and gazing out over the world of London, he is still the same, and seems to say, like one who protested also against captivity of a different sort, "Come, come; I AM A KING, my masters, know you that?"

There is another state prisoner in this place, who has never yet made the best of his captivity, and who never will. It is the golden eagle. That straining of the gaze into the distance, is to be observed in this royal captive, almost in a more distinguishing degree than in the lion. See this

creature when his food is brought to him and flung into his cage. He does not even notice it. Perched on the highest attainable pinnacle of masonry within his reach, at the top of his cage, with his back to the quarter from which the keeper approaches with his ready-slaughtered prey, he gazes out into a further distance than that within the lion's range of sight. He will gaze on it for half an hour together, revelling in this liberty of the eye, which is the only freedom left him, and neglecting the food which has been flung through his bars. What to him is this ready-slain flesh? He is not like his neighbours, the vultures, who desire nothing better than to have their prey killed for them. He would hunt it down and strike it for himself. Let the carrion lie there, he will fetch it when famine obliges him, and not before.

These wrinkly-necked and scavenger vultures proclaim, as most things do, their natures by their foul outside. How different are these from the eagles. The vulture is as large as the eagle. The stretch of its wings is as vast. It stands on high pinnacles of rock as the other does, but it has not that steady, long-continuing gaze. It is a degraded, hungry, devouring monster, that hops and dances with joy when its barrow of flesh arrives, that tears the meat from the beak of the companion of its captivity, dropping its own portion to do so. The meat gets so covered with sand and gravel before these vultures have been long fighting for it, that you desire, as you look, to take it from them and wash it. There is something to be learned from the collection in the Zoological Gardens. The melancholy Jaques was ever twisting a moral out of the things he observed in creation. The sluggard is sent by Solomon to look at the industry of the ant, and we are taught elsewhere to unite the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove. Who can look at these vultures tearing at each other's meat and dropping their own property in the attempt to snatch that of their neighbour—who can see this and not be reminded of what he has observed among certain human vultures, who will grasp and tear at some small legacy which has fallen to a brother-vulture, who will spend their substance in trying to keep him out of it, who will mar and defile the coveted possession itself rather than let cousin-vulture or nephew-vulture or daughter-in-law-vulture possess it intact. Fight on, ye wrinkly-necked herd, pluck at the prizes you desire so much, pick at each other to get them, wrinkle your skins and make yourselves hideous in your thirst for gain, hop about that small property in impotent agonies of desire, but note the while that high above your heads there stands a creature at first sight like yourselves, but, in reality, as widely removed as Hyperion from a satyr. Look up at your king, and look with fear. His plumes are smooth, and there are no wrinkles in his neck. No lust of gain has lowered his head to be like yours, sunk in a high-shouldered stoop of greed. Why, look again: such wares as you are fighting for in sordid struggle lie at the bottom of his small domain, neglected and de-

spised. He will come down to them when he must, but while he can, he will still cry *Excelsior!* and press with eager longings against his prison bars. There are men like this: they are few and far between. The vultures, the apes, and the carrion crows outnumber them by thousands; but still there *are* eagles in the human world, and the vultures and the monkeys hate and fear them.

But if there is a lesson of industry in the ant that shall keep the teaching of the eagle from misleading us into a life of useless aspiration—in if in the vulture there is a perpetual caution against a debased and sordid covetousness—then is the building which our zoological teachers have set apart for the apes and monkeys a perfect lecture-hall against the smaller villainies to which humanity is prone—a pillory of warning to the world. This is the head-quarters of Fuss. As you stand and watch one of the inhabitants of the Temple of Irony—and in watching one you watch all, for they are all alike—you will be reminded every instant of the more fussy and important among your friends and acquaintances. Mark how your monkey fidgets, how he hastens hither and thither, always, as it seems, on important business, though it is only, perhaps, to fetch the flea out of his partner's ear, or to steal a hazel-nut from his friend. Mark how he wrinkles his brow and lifts his eyebrows, and looks about among his nut-shells, and among the hairs of his coat, for nothing, for he is an impostor, and seldom finds even a flea. Your Eye-witness has been received by his friend Pumpcourt (whom he was foolish enough once to consult) with just such raising of the eyebrows; and P. would knock about the sham briefs upon his desk in hurried search for documents which he knew did not exist, exactly like this monkey. The ape looks towards the door when it opens, with an expression which distinctly says, "Is that the Solicitor-General, because, if it is, I want to have a word with him." In all these things this animal resembles Pumpcourt, and many more fussy friends. In holding out his hand (alas, it *is* a hand) for your contribution to his keep—but doing so with a wandering eye that is ever on the look-out to see if there is anybody in the place better worth attending to—your monkey reminds you still, of such members of your acquaintance as will talk to you till a richer and more successful man enters the room, from which moment their attention wanders, and they answer you at random. But there is no end to this: in irritable tempers speedily excited, in fury about nothing, in furtive cunning, in every low, degrading, and indecent gesture and practice, these creatures "hold the mirror up" to all of us, and show the spectator of their hateful antics the things that he must most avoid. Indeed, this would almost seem the object of the monkey's existence, and while the nearness of his resemblance to the lower types of human physiognomy is terrible and humbling in the last degree, it is consolatory to think that in proportion as a man *is* a man he is removed the more from this detested comparison. The

savage with his contracted brow, and the Indian with his vile cunning and mean beggary, are near enough to these monkeys to have satisfied Lord Monboddo himself, and the Zoological Society, as if to prove this, and, besides, to make their collection complete, have got attached to the service of young Prince or Princess Hippopotamus a "native," who seems, from a casual glance, to have all the qualities of the ape in good development. He holds out his paw with grinning cries for halfpence to those who visit this department, and to ladies especially, grinning and staring at them in a way that very offensively carries out the resemblance that has been hinted above. Perhaps the members of this otherwise admirably conducted society are not aware of the proceedings of this one of their servants, and that a word of warning is very much required to prevent this swarthy gentleman from annoying the visitors to the gardens.

In commenting upon the manners of this apparently near relation of our poor relations the monkeys, we have insensibly got through to the other side of the tunnel, and we may as well, for the present, stop there; for it is the very essence of sight-seeing to set at nought the classification of guide-books, to take amusement, and instruction too, as it suggests itself, and to wander as one feels inclined from pillar to post, from the contemplation of a sea-anemone to that of a giraffe, and from the rat of the Thames to the hippopotamus of the Nile.

What length of acquaintance—what amount of familiarity ever diminishes our surprise at the giraffe? Is there some mechanical teaching in its structure that has never been yet discovered? We have found out the use of the elephant; can nothing be done with the giraffe, the largest and apparently the meekest of animals?

Blessings on the whole deer tribe—they are well represented here—with their great, soft, harmless eyes and their wet and wholesome noses. Sweet-breathed, tame, and beautiful, they thrust their faces through the wooden bars and perfume the hand they touch. They are even more innocent than the rabbits that live near the superintendent's office. Your Eye-witness found a group of these last little animals who were sitting all over and upon one of their number, and were eating their meal off his very back. There was something about this that irresistibly suggested the practice of the world when it meets to discuss the affairs of a brother who has failed, or to chatter over a death, in both which cases the friends or executors will assemble thus in not displeased convocation, and will lunch freely over the body or the bankrupt, as the case may be. What had that rabbit done to render himself subject to that discussion of his affairs in his presence? Had he become surety for a necessitous friend, had he made a love-match, or what had he done, to be lunched over in this ignominious fashion?

These parrots, though a noisy race, so noisy, in fact, that it is impossible to spend many minutes in their society, are yet a jovial set. It is very difficult to know where to have a

parrot, still more a cockatoo. He will entwine himself about his perch, keeping his eye upon you, and making overtures of peace; he will lean upon his beak and push himself along with all his weight upon it, as if it were a skate; and presently he will turn upside down and eye you from beneath his perch, holding on by his grey and wrinkled claws. Emboldened by these little attentions, of which you are evidently the object, and encouraged to fraternise with him by these concessions on his part, you advance a hand to caress him. In one instant—in less—the lowly, courteous, wheedling creature starts into a great white crest embodiment of rage, and screeches a yell of hatred into your very throat, performing volleys of indignant curtsies the while, and revealing the dry interior of its grey mouth, with a hideous grey hammer inside it, which represents his tongue. They are wicked, crawling, topsy-turvy sinners these parrots, and never to be trusted or dealt with as friends. They are humbugs, too, and do not, as is the case with the three ravens who live outside, proclaim openly that they are demons of the wickedest order.

There is no disguise about a raven, who openly avows his disrelish for virtue, to such an extent that he does not even care for his food till he has scented it, buried it, made it appear a furtive act to get at it, and persuaded himself that he has stolen it. The three ravens who live behind the parrot-house are a dissipated trio, and will with every added year of life gain in that disreputableness of appearance which is one of their greatest sources of attraction.

It is strange that any one should have doubts about the reliableness of physiognomy as a science, after a visit to the Zoological Gardens. What creature is there in the whole collection that does not proclaim his character at a glance, and that is not helpless against the revelations of his own exterior? Consider the mischief that is suggested by the appearance of a raven or a magpie, the insatiate desire for prey of the eagle, the debased malignity and cunning of the monkey. Look again at the horror that lurks in every fold of the rattlesnake or the puff-adder. It is absolutely terrible to stoop down near the glass and face one of these reptiles. How still it keeps, with its erect head, its fixed eyes—its forked tongue, only, slipping in and out, in thirst for life. How horrible the identity of colour with the sand and earth on which it lies!

But if the more malignant and dangerous among animals are marked as being so by the external indications of their conformation and expression, it is equally certain that the soft eyes of the antelope tell a tale of equal truth, and that the low moaning of the dove, though appealing to a different sense, conveys to the ear an assurance of peace which the nature of the bird itself bears fully out. It is not wonderful that in man, possessed as he is of that subtle organism, a face, we should be able to read character, but that this should be the case with animals with only the rudiments

of a face, is really extraordinary. There is surely no one who can look at the seal in these gardens without almost a feeling of regard. The expression of its eyes is more intelligent and beautiful than that of any other creature—not excepting the elephant even—in the whole collection; and its action, as it hops along after its keeper and follows him when he leaves its enclosure with its eyes, is quite touching in its helplessness.

But it is time to get to the Salamander. The sea-anemones, the discontented-looking fresh-water fish, the little dapper water-fowl, and a hundred other attractive subjects on which to moralise and speculate, must be left undiscussed. There is no time even to inquire why it is that the Polar bear amuses himself by walking backwards, and waving his head from side to side as he looks up to the sky. There is no time to notice the little shy agouti who runs out of his hole as you approach his cage, and hastens down his little front garden to see who you are, and who, finding you are not the man he expected, trots back again as fast as he came out. There is no time for anything but the Salamander and the whale-headed storks. And first, the Salamander.

What does the world expect a Salamander to be like? What did your Eye-witness anticipate when he hurried off to inspect this creature? Did he imagine that he should find an enormous furnace roaring and blazing in a cage of red-hot bars, and that, standing aloof from this, and peering into the hottest and most central portion of the flame, he would there behold an enormous Red Monster distantly resembling the griffin of heraldry lifting its spined and bat-like wings, and flapping them in burning joy over its head? If perfect candour is to characterise the communications of the E.W., he must own that there was some such thing in his thoughts. The vile ancients are to blame for this. They have described a creature "that is bred from heat, that lives in the flames, and feeds upon fire as its proper nourishment. As they saw every other element, the air, the earth, and the water, inhabited, fancy was set to work to find or make an inhabitant in fire, and thus to people every part of nature." Those wretched ancients! As if an element could be inhabited that is only occasionally existent. What becomes of the animal whose natural element is fire, when the fire is extinguished. Does a new Salamander spring into existence every time a fire is lighted, and what becomes of the familiar Salamander of your Eye-witness when Thirza, the housemaid, lets his bedroom fire out. These same ancients (whom, by-the-by, everything proves to have been arrant liars) have called the Salamander "the daughter of fire, giving it, however, a body of ice." This was the Salamander of the ancients, of the classics, and (if the truth must be told), of the Eye-witness.

Let us turn from it to the Salamander of the nineteenth century, and of the Zoological Gardens. A tank in a dark corner is substituted

for the cage with the red-hot bars, while the furnace is represented by an element which, however satisfactory in itself, is something of a surprise when you have expected a fire—in a word, the tank is full of water!

It is full also of eels: of little eels and trumpet minnows, or small gudgeons, which are swimming about, apparently in discomfort, for they keep very near the surface, and some of them are turning up their little white stomachs in the agonies of death. This was all that your servant saw, except that in the darkest corner of the tank, and under a ledge, there appeared to be a sort of eft, or lizard, of enormous size, brown, bloated, and hideous.

Your Eye-witness was on the point of deserting the tank, as a thing which did not concern him, when the words "Gigantic Salamander," at the head of a printed paper affixed to it, arrested his attention, and caused him once more to examine the contents of the cistern with still greater scrutiny. Unable to make out anything more than he had seen at first, your servant was coming to the conclusion that the Salamander had blazed himself out of the gardens altogether, leaving his descriptive notice behind him, when a sudden thought struck him, and struck him so hard that it almost took his breath away. "Perhaps it's the eft?" said the Eye-witness.

Everything went to prove it was so. The fact that the animal was in the water when it ought to have been in the fire; that it had secreted itself, as every exhibited animal does, in the most inscrutable part of its den; that it refused to give any token of life whatever; that it was in no respect what it was expected to be—all these things were convincing proofs that the bloated and abhorrent eft was what the printed paper announced as the Gigantic Salamander, the *Sieboldia maxima* of Japan.

"This animal," the descriptive notice goes on to say, "is the largest specimen of the true amphibious known to exist. . . . It is the nearest living analogue of the fossil salamander of the tertiary fresh-water formation of Eningen, described by Scheuchzer as a fossil man (*Homo diluvii testis*), and since called *Andreas Scheuchzeri*."

Against the earlier and more scientific portion of this description, your servant has nothing to say. He has no objection to make to the announcement that this noisome animal is of "the tertiary fresh-water formation of Eningen," because he has not the remotest idea what that is. To all this sort of thing he is ready to agree; but against the notion of the "fossil man" as a term under any circumstances applicable to this huge and bloated eft, he desires to take instant and indignant exception.

The fossil man of our Andrew is a creature about two feet in its extreme length from the end of its most appalling snout to the extremity of its hideous tail. It is a crawling dragon; an exaggerated eft; a pestiferous and appalling lizard; a soft and dwarfish crocodile. What is it not, that is unclean and fearful?

From end to end it is covered, and on its huge and flattened head especially, with blotchy manginess of a diseased and mouldy order. And this is your notion, Andrew, of a fossil man, is it? Oh, Andrew, Andrew!

But this Salamander is the culminating point of all delusions, and of none more obviously than that which the Zoological Society seems to have entertained with regard to its appetite. In their hospitality towards the stranger, this body has filled his tank with little fishes, even to overflowing, yet we read in Goldsmith of a specimen of this tribe which lived eight months without taking any nourishment whatever. "Indeed," the writer adds, "as many of this kind are torpid, or nearly so, during the winter, the loss of their appetite for so long a time is the less surprising."

There never was a worse shot made than attributing any fiery properties to the Salamander. It appears to be one of the dampest and—if the expression is allowable—sloppiest animals that exist. "Salamanders," says Buffon, "are fond of cold, damp places, thick shades, tufted woods, or high mountains, and the banks of streams that run through meadows. . . . it is commonly only when rain is about to fall that it comes forth from its secret asylum, as if by a kind of necessity to bathe itself, and to imbibe an element to which it is analogous. The moderns," Buffon continues, "have followed the ridiculous tales of the ancients, and as it is difficult to stop when once the bounds of probability are passed, some have gone so far as to think that the most violent fire could be extinguished by the land Salamander. Quacks sold this small lizard, affirming that if thrown into the greatest conflagration it would check its progress." The unhappy beast, too, has been in this respect the subject of many experiments, and because when it was thrown into the fire it was sure to burst and to eject its natural fluid in doing so, the Philosophical Transactions—with whose compilers we would rather, by-the-by, after this specimen, have philosophical transactions than business ones—tell us that this is the method taken by the animal to extinguish the flames.

So much for the Salamander, the largest and ugliest lizard that ever was seen; and in that capacity, and as a zoological curiosity, well worth going to see.

Your Eye-witness is always prepared for a heap of straw or a blanket—and nothing else—when there is any new animal at the Zoological Gardens about which public curiosity is much excited. Has anybody ever seen the apteryx? Your servant has friends who declare that they have examined this creature carefully, and who will go into particulars in their description of it. But are these friends to be trusted? Your Eye-witness owns at once that he has never seen this extraordinary wingless bird. He has frequently seen its cage.

He has read its label. He has gazed through the bars, and studied minutely every fibre of the neatly arranged straw in one corner of the den, but that is all. A heap of straw, or a blanket, or an empty cage, with what you take at first to be a larger pebble than usual in the sand, but which turns out to be the animal you are in search of—these are gratifications to which your servant is so accustomed, that when he came to the abode of the whale-headed storks, or balaniceps, he was no way surprised to see simply an inner cage entirely concealed behind a straw blind, and nothing else.

"This is as it should be," said your E.-W., when a friendly-looking keeper, coming up with a bunch of keys in his hand, and seeing your servant staring through the bars, asked him if he would like to go in and have a look at them.

With the exception of Livermore, who is always sick, and Chopfall, whose wife's mother lives in the house with him, the two birds which your Eye-witness discovered when he peeped behind the straw blind were the most melancholy living creatures he has ever beheld. Weak in the legs—the limbs of one of the two specimens had doubled up under him like elbows, or knees turned the wrong way—over-weighted in the bill, bald in the head, small and despairing in the eye, and shut in behind an eclipse of straw, the whale-headed stork is far from an exhilarating subject of contemplation. The keeper who showed them, sighed as he did so, and said "they had not been there long," as an excuse for their depression.

But why whale-headed? Here is another fraud upon the public. Are whales possessed of enormous bills that weigh them down, and pull them forward to the earth? Have whales bald, flesh-coloured, fluffy heads? If such be the characteristics of whales, then has your servant been all his life deluded by wicked picture-books, which have represented the whale without any of these remarkable and interesting features. Your Eye-witness gazed long, and with affectionate sympathy, at the two birds on whose privacy he had intruded. They were too melancholy to take the slightest notice of him. The specimen which had sunk down on its elbows was lost in astonished contemplation of its companion who still managed to keep erect: a circumstance which really did seem, considering its legs, and their obvious readiness to double up, no less creditable than surprising.

"They seem a little dull," said your Eye-witness, as he took his leave.

"You see, sir," said the man once more, sighing heavily as he spoke—"you see, sir, they've only just come."

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